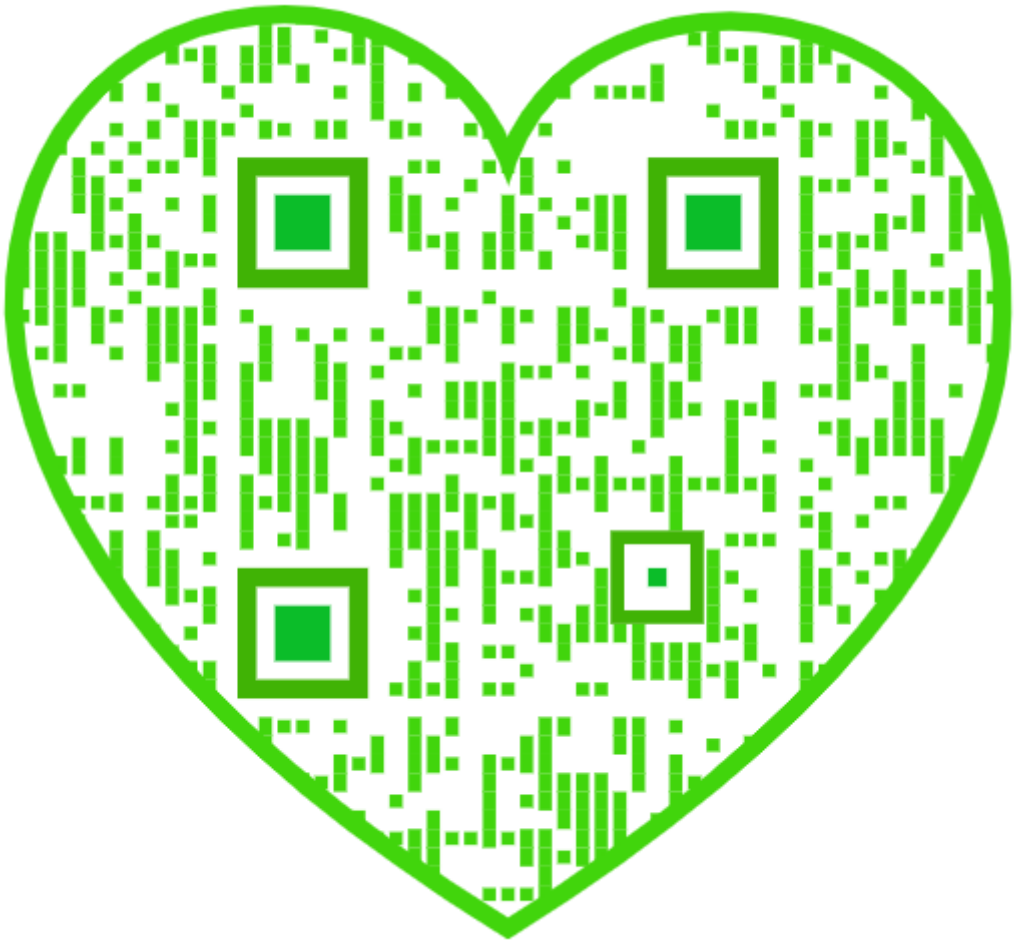

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THE

SELECT READER,

NO. II.

PHILADELPHIA.

PUBLISHED BY THE TRACT ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS,
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NO. 84, MULBERRY STREET.

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In preparing the series of Select Readers, it has been the aim of the compilers to select such pieces as would be interesting to the pupils, and at the same time adapted to improve them in reading. They have been careful to admit nothing calculated to convey erroneous or improper sentiments; and they have endeavored to avoid fictitious narratives. It has been found necessary in many cases to make some changes in the pieces selected.

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THE

SELECT READER, NO. II.

Anecdotes of the Shepherd's Dog.—NATURALIST'S OWN BOOK.

A SHEPHERD had driven a part of his flock to a neighbouring fair, leaving his dog to watch the remainder, during that day and the next night, expecting to revisit them the following morning. Unhappily, however, when at the fair, he forgot both his dog and his sheep, and did not return home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was, whether his dog had been seen? The answer was, "No." "Then he must be dead," replied the shepherd in a tone of anguish, "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge." He instantly repaired to the heath. The dog had sufficient strength remaining to crawl to his master's feet, and express his joy at his return, and almost immediately after expired. Thus, the carelessness of the master, brought loss on himself, and suffering and death on his faithful servant.

During the severe winter of 1795, as a lad named Boulstead, was looking after his father's sheep on Great Salkeld Common, Cumberland, he fell and broke his leg. He was then three miles from home, with no person within call, and evening fast approaching. Under the impulse arising from the circumstances of his situa-

tion, he folded up one of his gloves in his handkerchief, tied this about the neck of his dog, and ordered him home. Dogs which are trained to an attendance on flocks, are known to be under admirable subjection to the commands of their masters, and execute their orders with an intelligence scarcely to be conceived. The animal set off, and arriving at the house, scratched at the door for admittance. The parents were alarmed at his appearance; and concluding, upon taking off and unfolding the handkerchief, that some accident had befallen their son, they instantly set off in search of him. The dog of his own accord led the way, and conducted the anxious parents directly to the spot where their son had fallen. The young man was taken home, and the necessary aid being procured, he soon recovered; and often afterwards took pleasure in reciting this anecdote, so illustrative of the sagacity and fidelity of his constant companion.

Buttercups and Violets.

Buttercups and Violets,—
Oh, the pretty flowers,
Coming in the spring time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Violets
Spring up here and there.

When the Snow-drop peepeth,
When the Crocus bold,
When the early Primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank,
Buttercups we view;
Somewhere, 'mong the tender grass,
Peeps the Violet blue.

Little hardy flowers,
  Like to children poor,
Playing, in their sturdy health,
  By their mother's door:
Purple with the north wind,
  Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not,
  Though they be a-cold!

What to them is weather?
  What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Violets,
  Are these human flowers.
He who gave them hardship
  And a life of care,
Gave them, likewise, hardy strength,
  And patient hearts, to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups,
  Welcome, Violets blue,
Ye are to my spirit
  Beautiful to view:
Coming ere the spring time,
  Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
  Who doeth all things well.

The Cage on Waterloo Bridge.

Some years ago, there might often be seen on the Waterloo Bridge in London, a large cage. In it were contained, animals and birds of different kinds, which, in a state of nature, are frequently foes to each other; but here they all dwelt together in peace. There were cats, rats and mice; rabbits, guinea pigs and squirrels; owls, hawks, pigeons, and other birds, living in the same house as friends.

They often took their food from one dish, and there

was no quarreling or growling among them. The rats and mice seemed fond of being near a large cat, often hiding their heads in her furry sides. The birds perched upon her head, and sometimes slept there the whole night.

When the cat chose, she took a walk, or sat in the sun, upon the parapet of the bridge, looking gravely down into the river Thames. The birds also went forth, and stretched their wings for exercise; but all returned, of their own accord, to their home and their friends.

The hawk would sometimes take meat in his beak, and feed the other birds, before he partook himself. One would scarcely have expected such conduct in a hawk.

The cage and its inhabitants belonged to a man named Austin. He had spent more than twenty years in training animals.

One secret of his art was to be always kind. He took his pupils when quite young, gave them plenty of food, and took pains to make them comfortable. By this careful education they grew contented, so that the strong never hurt the weak, and the weak were not afraid of the strong.

Cruelty to animals is a great fault. The child who likes to trouble an unoffending cat, to frighten domestic fowls, to torture a toad, to tread upon a worm, or to hurt any helpless and harmless thing, cannot have a kind heart.

A boy wantonly kills a bird. Perhaps it was a mother seeking food for her young. Does he consider how her little ones will mourn? how they will shiver for the want of her shielding wing, when night comes? how they will pine away with hunger, or fall from their nest and die?

What right has he to cause so much misery? What good has it done him? On the contrary it has done him harm. It has hardened his heart. He who "heareth the young ravens when they cry," and taketh note of the falling sparrow, will take note of him and of his deeds.

If we are selfish, and indulge in bad tempers, we may vex others, but we will be still more unhappy ourselves. We are nursing evil plants, which bear fruits of bitterness. If we wish to be happy, we should take pains to make all around us, even the animals, happy.

Those who are apt to quarrel with their youthful companions, or to destroy the comfort of the animal creation, might take a lesson to their profit from the school on Waterloo Bridge.

Useful Annie.—T. D. CREWDSON.

Happy Annie! useful Annie!
Never cheerless,—never dull:
Toils she has, and cares a-many,
Yet a heart of gladness full.

Annie is a poor man's daughter;
And her tender mother had,
Almost from a baby, taught her
That the *useful* are the *glad*.

Soon her small hands, round and rosy,
Learned to fill her porridge bowl;
And to pluck a favourite posy,
For her father's button hole.

Soon, to twine the sweet Clematis,
Trimly round the window sill;
And to train the "Painted Ladies:"
And to tie the bright Jonquil;

Soon, to pull the water cresses;
Choosing each with skill and care,
From the brooklet's weedy tresses,
Tangled in confusion there.

And, as Annie older groweth,
Cares increase on every side;

But the stream of joy still floweth,
And its founts are multiplied.

When the light of morning breaketh,
Early on the purple hill,
From her pillow she upwaketh,
While the lambs are sleeping still.

And she moveth softly,—lightly,—
Lest the baby be aroused;
But her step grows quick and sprightly,
When the cottage door is closed.

At her touch, the cold hearth glistens
With the crackling faggot bright;
And the wakened baby listens,
Laughing, crowing with delight.

While the merry kettle hummeth,
With a good old fashioned hiss,
From his work, the father cometh,
With his blessing, and a kiss.

Sweet and kindly, blithe and cheery,
Is the morning's first repast,
Ere men's hearts and hands grow weary
With the sunshine or the blast!

Countless duties quickly call her,
As the hours of morning move;
But her burden cannot gall her,
For "the yoke is lined with love."

While the idle soon grow fretful,
Long ere noon-tide, tired and sad,
Annie finds, though self-forgetful,
That the useful are the glad!

Like some pleasant stream that floweth,
Cheering, brightening, as it goes,

While itself but little knoweth,
Aught of all the good it does,

Onward moves she, little guessing
Half the solace and the cheer,
Half the comfort and the blessing,
Which she scatters, wide and near.

Yet, how many a flower would wither,
If the pleasant stream were dried!
And how many hearts together,
Would lament, if Annie died!

Industry.

The late John Heckewelder lived as a teacher among the Indians of Pennsylvania for nearly forty years. He published a history of their manners and customs, in which he relates the following anecdote: "Seating myself once upon a log by the side of an Indian, who was resting himself there, being at that time actively employed in fencing in his corn-field, I observed to him that he must be very fond of working, as I never saw him idling away his time, as is so common with the Indians. The answer he returned, made a very great impression on my mind. I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible.

"My friend, the fishes in the water, and the birds in the air and on the earth, have taught me to work. By their example I have been convinced of the necessity of labour and industry. When I was a young man I loitered about a good deal, doing nothing, just like the other Indians, who say that working is for whites and negroes, and that the Indians have been ordained for other purposes—to hunt the deer and catch the beaver, otter, raccoon, and such other animals. But it one day happened, that while hunting, I came to the bank of

the Susquehanna, and having seated myself near the water's edge to rest a little, and casting my eye on the water, I was forcibly struck when I observed with what industry the Mecehgalingus (sun-fish) heaped small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn; and all this labour they did with their mouth and body, without hands!

"Astonished as well as diverted, I lighted my pipe, sat awhile smoking and looking on, when presently a little bird not far from me raised a song, which enticed me to look that way. While I was trying to distinguish where the songster was, and catch it with my eyes, its mate, with as much grass as it could hold in its bill, passed close by me and flew into a bush, where I perceived them together, busily employed in building their nest, and singing as their work went on.

I saw the birds in the air and fishes in the water working diligently and cheerfully, and all this without hands. I thought it was strange,—and I became lost in wonder. I looked at myself, and saw two long arms, provided with hands and fingers, and with joints that might be opened and shut at pleasure. I could, when I pleased, take up anything with these hands, hold it fast, or let it loose, and carry it along with me. When I walked I observed, moreover, that I had a stout body capable of bearing fatigue, and supported by two stout legs, with which I could climb to the top of the highest mountains, and descend at pleasure into the valleys.

"And is it possible, said I, that a being so wonderfully formed as I am, was created to live in idleness, while the birds which have no hands, and nothing but their little bills to help them, work with cheerfulness, and without being told to do so? Has then the great Creator of man, and of all living creatures given me all these limbs for no purpose? It cannot be. I will try to go to work. I did so, and went away from the village to a spot of good land, where I built a cabin, enclosed ground, sowed corn, and raised cattle. Ever since that time I have enjoyed a good appetite and sound sleep, while others spend their nights in dancing, and are suf-

fering with hunger, I live in plenty. I keep horses, cows and fowls. I am happy. See, my friend, the birds and fishes have taught me to work!"

Try Again.

'Tis a lesson we should heed,
Try again;
If at first we don't succeed,
Try again;
Then our courage should appear,
For, if we will persevere,
We will conquer, never fear,
Try again.

Once or twice, though we should fail,
Try again;
If we would at last prevail,
Try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?
Try again.

If we find our tasks are hard,
Try again;
Time will bring us our reward,
Try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, we may too;
Only keeping this in view,
Try again.

The Affectionate Parrots.

A pair of tame Guinea parrots were lodged together in a large square cage. The vessel which held their

food was placed at the bottom. The male usually sat on the same perch with the female, and close beside her. Whenever one descended for food, the other always followed; and when their hunger was satisfied, they returned together to the highest perch of the cage. They passed four years together in this state of confinement; and from their mutual attentions and satisfaction, it was evident, that a strong affection for each other had been excited. At the end of this period the female fell into a state of languor, which had every symptom of old age: her legs swelled, and knots appeared upon them, as if the disease had been of the nature of gout. She could no longer descend and take her food as formerly, but the male bird brought it to her, carrying it in his bill and delivering it into hers. He continued to feed her in this manner with the utmost vigilance for four months. The infirmities of his mate, however, gradually increased; and at length she became no longer able to sit upon the perch; she remained crouched at the bottom, and, from time to time, made a few useless efforts to regain the lower perch; while the male, who remained close to her, assisted her with all his power, sometimes by seizing with his beak the upper part of her wing, and sometimes by taking hold of her bill and trying to raise her up. His gestures, his continual solicitude, every thing, in short, indicated, in this affectionate bird, an ardent desire to aid the weakness of his companion and to alleviate her sufferings. But the scene became still more interesting when the female was at the point of expiring. Her distressed partner went round and round her, almost without ceasing; he redoubled his tender cares; he attempted to open her bill, in order to give her nourishment; he went to her and returned with an agitated air; at intervals he uttered plaintive cries; at other times, with his eyes fixed upon her, he preserved a sorrowful silence. His faithful companion at last expired; he languished from that time, and survived her only a few months.

Anecdotes of a tame American Crow.—Wm. Barton.

This bird was reared from the nest, and continued a comparatively helpless animal, having very little vivacity or activity, until he had nearly attained his full size. His powers and qualities then began to develop themselves, and he soon showed a strong propensity to imitation.

When I was engaged in weeding in the garden, he would often fly to me, and after very attentively observing me, in pulling up the small weeds and grass, he would fall to work, and with his strong beak pluck up the grass; and the more so, when I complimented him with encouraging expressions. He enjoyed great pleasure and amusement in seeing me write, and would attempt to take the pen out of my hand, and my spectacles from my nose. The latter article he was so pleased with, that I found it necessary to put them out of his reach when I had done using them. On one occasion, the crow being out of my sight, I left them a moment, but recollecting the bird's mischievous tricks, I returned quickly, and found him upon the table rifling my inkstand, books and paper. When he saw me coming, he took up my spectacles and flew off with them. I found it vain to pretend to overtake him; but standing to observe his operations with my spectacles, I saw him settle down at the root of an apple tree, where, after amusing himself for awhile, I observed that he was hiding them in the grass, and covering them with chips and sticks, often looking round about to see whether I was watching him. When he thought he had sufficiently secreted them, he turned about, advancing towards me at my call. When he had come near me, I ran towards the tree to regain my property. But he, judging of my intentions by my actions, flew, and arriving there before me, picked them up again, and flew off with them into another apple tree. I now almost despaired of ever getting them again. However, I returned back to a house a little distance off, and there

secreting myself, I had a full view of him and waited to see the event. After some time had elapsed, during which I heard a great noise and talk from him, of which I understood not a word, he left the tree with my spectacles dangling in his mouth, and alighted with them on the ground. After a great deal of caution and contrivance in choosing and rejecting different places, he hid them again, as he thought very effectually, in the grass, carrying and placing over them chips, dry leaves, &c., and often pushing them down with his bill. When he had finished this work, he flew up into a tree hard by, and there continued a long time talking to himself, and making much noise; bragging, as I supposed, of his achievements. At last he returned to the house, where not finding me, he betook himself to other amusements. Having noted the place where he had hid my spectacles, I hastened thither and recovered them.

This bird had an excellent memory. He soon learned the name which we had given him, which was Tom; and would commonly come when he was called, unless engaged in some favourite amusement, or soon after correction; for when he had run to great lengths in mischief, I was under the necessity of whipping him, which I did with a little switch. He would, in general, bear correction with wonderful patience and humility, supplicating with piteous cries and actions. But sometimes, when chastisement became intolerable, he would suddenly start off and take refuge in the next tree. Here he would console himself with chattering and adjusting his feathers, if he was not lucky enough to carry off with him some of my property, such as a pen-knife, or a piece of paper; in this case he would boast and brag very loudly. At other times he would soon return, and, with tokens of penitence and submission, approach me for forgiveness and reconciliation. On these occasions he would sometimes settle on the ground, near my feet, and diffidently advance, with soft, soothing expressions, and sit silently by me for a considerable time. At other times, he would confidently come and settle upon my shoulder, and there solicit my favour and pardon

with soothing expressions, not omitting to tickle me about my neck, ears, &c.

He was not a tyrannical or cruel bird, yet, it must be confessed, that he aimed to be master of every animal around him.

He was the most troublesome and teazing to a large dog, whom he could never conquer. This old dog, from natural fidelity, and a particular attachment, commonly lay down near me when I was at rest, reading or writing under the shade of a pear-tree in the garden, near the house. Tom (I believe from a passion of jealousy) would approach me with his usual caresses and flattery, and after securing my notice and regard, he would address the dog in some degree of complaisance both by words and actions; and if he could obtain access to him, would tickle him with his bill, jump upon him, and compose himself for a little while. It was evident, however, that this seeming sociability was mere artifice to gain an opportunity to practise some mischievous trick; for no sooner did he observe the old dog to be dozing, than he would be sure to pinch his lips and pluck his beard. At length, however, these bold and hazardous achievements had nearly cost him his life: for one time, the dog, being highly provoked, made so sudden and fierce a snap, that the crow narrowly escaped with his head. After this, Tom was wary, and used every caution and deliberation in his approaches, examining the dog's eyes and movements, to be sure that he was really asleep, and at last would not venture nearer than his tail, and then by slow, silent, and wary steps, in a sideways, or oblique manner, spreading his legs and reaching forward. In this position he would pluck the long hairs of the dog's tail. But he would always take care to place his feet in such a manner, as to be ready to start off, when the dog was roused and snapped at him.

It would be endless to recount all the instances of this bird's understanding and cunning, which certainly exhibited strong proofs of the reflection and contrivance which influenced his operations.

The Happy Farmer.

His home's a cot embowered in trees,
A garden filled with fruit and flowers,
Where singing birds and humming bees
Make gay the smiling summer hours;
A range of meadows green and fair,
And fields which well repay his care.

With joy, he greets the rising sun,
And gladly hastens to his toil;
In fancy, sees the harvest won,
While covering with the mellow soil
The tiny seed, which yet will bring
A glorious autumn offering.

The golden hours, how quick they fly!
The happy day, how soon 'tis fled!
Then homeward doth the farmer hie,
And finds a table neatly spread
With many a dainty, which the field
And garden-plot so richly yield.

The evening hour is fraught with joy,
For loved ones cluster round him there;
The pleasures that his hours employ,
A monarch's heart might wish to share;
Then seeks his couch, and finds repose,
Which only he who toileth knows.

Mungo Park's Moss.

Mungo Park, during his travels in the interior of Africa, was stripped and plundered by banditti, soon after leaving a village called Kooma. When the robbers had left him, almost naked and destitute, he tells us, "I sat for some time looking around me with amaze-

ment and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone; surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once upon my recollection; and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence, who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend.

At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation, for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the roots, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these could not allow me to despair: I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed; in a short time I came to a small village.

Escape from Wolves.—S. Fothergill's Memoirs.

In the early times of the American Colonies, the thinly peopled settlements were much infested with

wolves, which not only devoured the domestic animals, but sometimes attacked man also; rendering travelling at night unsafe. In such a district of country, a widow woman lived with her son, on a small piece of land which furnished them with a frugal subsistence. Their nearest neighbour, who lived a few miles distant through the forest, came early one afternoon to request her to visit his wife, who was suddenly taken very ill, and stay with her while he went for medical advice. With this she complied, and telling her son that she did not expect to return before the next morning, she set out, and reached the place in safety.

With suitable remedies, the invalid soon recovered; and her husband coming speedily back, the widow concluded to return home that evening. As it was a fine moonlight night, she hoped to pass the forest in safety; but, on crossing an open glade, she saw a company of wolves, drinking at a pool of water at some distance, aud this made her sensible of her great rashness and imprudence, for she knew that unless she could pass unobserved, she would be in great danger, as no human help was at hand; and though her home was now in sight, yet it was most probable that her son was in bed and the cottage fast, so that she could not get in. In this strait she lifted up her heart in earnest prayer, that He, who had often strengthened and consoled her in many troubles, would now be pleased to interpose for her help, and that as she was returning from a work of charity, he would not permit her to be devoured by these savage creatures. Her mind became composed, and she ran quickly forward. On crossing the fence she looked back and perceived that one of the wolves had raised his head and discovered her; he uttered a shrill cry, and immediately the whole pack was in pursuit.

Meanwhile her son, not expecting her, had retired to rest, but he could not sleep; a strange and unusual anxiety came over his mind, which continually increased. He got up and made a large fire of wood, which blazed brightly, by which he sat down. In a short time he thought he heard his mother's voice call-

ing to him, and opening the door, he perceived her, followed by several wolves. One was so near as almost to touch her shoulder with his paw. The sudden light dazzled and checked them, and for a moment they fell back, which gave her time to rush into the house and close the door, when she and her son, both greatly affected by this deliverance, united in returning thanks for the merciful interposition which had so remarkably preserved her life.

A Minute.

A minute, how soon it is flown!
And yet how important it is!
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his.
And though we may waste them in folly and play,
He notices each that we squander away.

Why should we a minute despise,
Because it so quickly is o'er?
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more.
Another indeed may appear in its stead,
But that precious moment forever is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years,
In idleness, folly, or strife;
But oh! no repentance or tears
Can bring back one moment of life.
But time, if well spent and improved as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

And when all the minutes are past,
Which God for our portion has given,
We shall cheerfully welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to Heaven.

Filial Affection.

In the year 1574, the Spaniards, who at that time were at war with the Dutch, made an incursion into North Holland, and approached a village called Westzaen. Those of the inhabitants who were able to flee, made their escape, carrying with them such valuable articles, as were easily removed and could be found in the hurry and confusion of the moment.

A young lad, named Lambert Meliss, found himself left at home, with no other companion than a decrepit mother, whom he most tenderly loved. He was more anxious to keep her from harm than to save any other treasure, and at once devised a means of moving her away from the reach of the cruel enemies who were approaching.

It was the middle of winter, when all the waters were frozen. There were none of those sledges at hand, which the Hollanders used for travelling in this inclement season; the youth, therefore, hastily placed his afflicted parent on a small settle, (a kind of wooden chair or bench, with a back,) and thus dragged her over the ice, with all the speed he could.

The Spaniards supposed he had some valuable booty, and followed his track with the utmost celerity, in the hope of seizing a great prize.

Meliss, seeing that the enemy were in close pursuit, and that it was impossible to outrun them, hid his mother and himself in some adjacent reeds. The Spaniards soon discovered them, but found nothing except a helpless parent and a dutiful child. They were so struck with this instance of filial affection, that they avoided giving the fugitives the smallest molestation, and went back filled with astonishment.

Meliss, having thus escaped the threatened danger, again grasped the cord with which he drew the vehicle along, and continued his course till he reached a considerable town called Horn; he was admitted at the western gate of that place; and there his dangers and

filial piety became, in a short time, a general subject of conversation.

The mayor and aldermen of Horn considered Meliss's conduct so meritorious, that, to preserve the memory of the deed, they caused a piece of sculpture to be placed on the top of the western gate, representing a young man dragging an aged woman over the ice, in the manner in which the event occurred; and under the figures, a suitable inscription was cut.

The Paper Kite.

Once, on a time, a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height;
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus expressed self-admiration:—

"See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple!
How would they wonder, if they knew
All that a kite like me could do.

"Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
But, ah! like a poor prisoner bound,
My string confines me near the ground.
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing,
Might I but fly without a string."

It tugged and pulled, while thus it spoke,
To break the string; at last it broke!
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away.

Unable, its own weight to bear,
It fluttered downward through the air;
Unable, its own course to guide,
The winds soon plunged it in the tide.

Oh, foolish kite, thou had'st no wing;
How could'st thou fly without a string?
My heart replied, "O Lord, I see
How much the kite resembles me!

"Forgetful, that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand,
How oft I've wished to break the lines,
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns!

"How oft indulged a vain desire
For something more, or something higher!
And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine."

Things by their Right Names.—EVENINGS AT HOME.

Charles. Father, pray tell us a story. We are all seated round the fire, quite ready to hear one.

Father. With all my heart. What shall it be?

Ch. A bloody murder, father.

Fa. A bloody murder! Well then—Once upon a time some men, dressed all alike,

Ch. With black crapes over their faces?

Fa. No; they had steel caps on—having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest.

Ch. They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

Fa. I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were as tall, personable men as most one shall see: leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill,

Ch. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, father?

Fa. No, really; it was on a fine balmy summer's morning; they moved forward, one behind another.

Ch. As still as death, creeping along under the hedges?

Fa. On the contrary—they walked remarkably up-

right; and so far from endeavouring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

Ch. But, father, they would be found out immediately.

Fa. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves; on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about. They moved forward, I say, to a large plain where stood a neat pretty village, which they set on fire.

Ch. Set a village on fire; wicked wretches!

Fa. And while it was burning, they murdered twenty thousand men.

Ch. O, fie, father! It is not intended we should believe this. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats?

Fa. No, truly, they resisted as long as they could.

Ch. How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

Fa. Why not? the murderers were thirty thousand.

Ch. O, now I have found it out! It was a battle.

Fa. Indeed it was. I do not know any murders half so bloody.

Frugality.—JAMES'S RECORD.

What, though an abundance around you is spread,
Your fields stored with plenty, your garners with bread,
Your store-house secured from chill poverty's frost,
Yet "gather the fragments that nothing be lost."

See, nature has loaded with blossoms her trees,
So richly, her treasures are filling the breeze;
But she spreads her green lap to the fast falling host,
And "gathers the fragments that nothing be lost."

And when the rich fruit has been yielded for man,
And bright glowing summer has lived her short span;
When the autumn-seared leaves are by chilly winds tossed,
She will "gather the fragments that nothing be lost."

Now listen my children, the lesson's for you,
In all things, it teaches, be careful and true;
O let not fair hopes be by negligence crossed,
But "gather the fragments that nothing be lost.'

And when the kind words of instruction you hear,
From parent, from friend, or from teacher, give ear,
And let not your thoughts in wild fancies be tossed,
But "gather the fragments that nothing be lost."

For God gives us nothing to trifle away,
But trusts us with blessings and time, day by day;
Be careful of all—of each hour make the most,
And "gather the fragments that nothing be lost."

Say not, "here is plenty and I need not fear;
I am sure not to want, so why should I care?"
Remember, the fruits are succeeded by frost,
Then "gather the fragments that nothing be lost."

But confine not your thoughts to self interest alone,
Let kind care for others come in with your own;
Go look at the poor, by sad sufferings crossed,
For them, "gather fragments that nothing be lost."

Remember, when Jesus the multitude fed
On a few little fishes and five loaves of bread;
Although he could cause them to feed such a host,
He said, "gather the fragments that nothing be lost."

I. J. P.

Preservation from Bloodshed.

When Thomas Ellwood was a young man, he one day rode with his father to a neighbouring town. To shorten the distance, the coachman left the public road, and turned into a private way through a corn-field. The husbandman complained of the trespass, and in consequence the party concluded to return by the public road. Thomas says:

"It was late in the evening, when we returned, and very dark; and this quarrelsome man, who had troubled himself and us in the morning, having gotten another lusty fellow, like himself, to assist him, waylaid us in the night, expecting we would return the same way we came. But when they found we did not, but took the common way, angry that they were disappointed, and loath to lose their purpose, which was to put an abuse upon us, they coasted over to us in the dark, and laying hold on the horses' bridles, stopt them from going on. My father asking his man, what the reason was that he went not on, was answered, that there were two men at the horses' heads, who held them back, and would not suffer them to go forward. Whereupon my father, opening the boot, stept out, and I followed close at his heels. Going up to the place where the men stood, he demanded of them the reason of this assault. They said we were upon the corn. We knew by the routs, we were not on the corn, but in the common way, and told them so. But they told us they were resolved they would not let us go on any farther, but would make us go back again. My father endeavoured by gentle reasoning, to persuade them to forbear, and not to run themselves farther into the danger of the law, which they were run too far into already; but they rather derided him for it. Seeing, therefore, fair means would not work upon them, he spake more roughly to them, charging them to deliver their clubs, for each of them had a great club in his hand, somewhat like those which are called quarter-staves. They thereupon, laughing, told him they did not bring them thither for that end. Thereupon my father, turning his head to me, said, 'Tom, disarm them.'

"I stood ready at his elbow, waiting only for the word of command. For being naturally of a bold spirit, full then of youthful heat, and that too, heightened by the sense I had, not only of the abuse, but insolent behaviour of those rude fellows—my blood began to boil, and my fingers itched, as the saying is, to be dealing with them. Wherefore stepping boldly forward to lay hold on the staff of him that was nearest to me, I said, Sirrah, deliver your weapon. He thereupon raised his

club, which was big enough to have knocked down an ox, intending, no doubt, to have knocked me down with it, as probably he would have done, had I not, in the twinkling of an eye, whipt out my rapier and made a pass upon him. I could not have failed running him through up to the hilt, had he stood his ground; but the sudden and unexpected sight of my bright blade glittering in the dark night, did so amaze and terrify the man, that slipping aside he avoided my thrust, and letting his staff sink, betook himself to his heels for safety, which his companion seeing fled also.

"At that time, and for a good while after, I had no regret upon my mind for what I had done, and designed to have done, in this case; but went on in a sort of bravery, resolving to kill, if I could, any man that should make the like attempt, or put any affront upon us; and for that reason, seldom went afterwards upon those public services, without a loaded pistol in my pocket. But when it pleased the Lord, in his infinite goodness, to call me out of the spirit and ways of the world, and give me the knowledge of his saving Truth, whereby the actions of my past life were set in order before me—a sort of horror seized on me, when I considered how near I had been to the staining of my hands with human blood. And whensoever afterwards I went that way, and indeed, as often since as the matter has come into my remembrance, my soul has blessed the Lord for my deliverance, and thanksgivings and praises have arisen in my heart—as now, at the relating of it, they do—to Him who preserved and withheld me from shedding man's blood. Which is the reason, I have given this account of that action, that others may be warned by it."

The Lotus.

The Lotus spreads its petals light,
Above the waves with sunbeams bright,
But when the tempest's voice is heard,

It quivers like a wounded bird,
And bends its timid head to rest,
Beneath the billows' sheltering breast.

Dear Father! we are like the flower,
And proudly bloom our sunny hour,
But when thou send'st a cloudy blast,
And earthly joy departeth fast,
We find a secret solace still
In meekly bowing to thy will.

The flowret, when the blast is o'er,
Will lift its brightened face once more;
And Christ's poor, trembling ones that sigh,
Shall, when the storms of life pass by,
Brighter and fairer for their woe,
His heavenly smile of welcome know.

The Latch String.

During one of the wars which afflicted the English colonists in this country, some of the back settlements were much disturbed by hostile Indians. The houses of the settlers in those remote districts were often widely separated from each other, which rendered them more liable to be plundered and destroyed by bands of enemies. Many a time has it happened, that a family have gone to bed in the evening, leaving every thing about them quiet and apparently safe, and before the morning sun had risen, the house has been burned to ashes, and its inmates murdered, or carried away into captivity. At the time of which we are speaking, a family resided in one of these lonely habitations, who lived in such secure simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door. They had no other means of securing their dwelling from intruders than by drawing in the leathern string, by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from

without. The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought tidings of horror; and every night, the unhappy settlers in the neighborhood surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster. This family had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the hands of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his own injury. They had used so little precaution, that they slept without even withdrawing the latch string. Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumours that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able. In the dead of the night, the man, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept? and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed that it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual.

On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God. This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, and almost immediately afterward, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favourable to them, was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold. The next morning, they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterwards, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the

Indians, this individual was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favour of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which, an Indian observed, that by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved, for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that on finding the door open, it was said. "These people shall live. They will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the Great Spirit."

All for the Best.

It frequently happens that events which have been bitter disappointments to us, have eventually proved blessings. The recollection of such circumstances, while it renders us deeply grateful to Divine Providence for the *past*, should make us trust with perfect confidence in the same Infinite Wisdom for the *future*. The following anecdote of Bernard Gilpin illustrates this remark.

Towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, he was accused of heresy before the merciless Bishop Bonner. Being speedily apprehended, he left his quiet home, "nothing doubting," as he said, "but that it *was all for the best*," though he was well aware of the fate that might await him; for we find him giving directions to his steward "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake," at which he would probably be burnt.

While on his way to London, he fell and broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was, took occasion thence maliciously to retort upon him his habitual remark. "What," said they, "is *this* all for the best; you say, Master, that nothing happens which is not for our good; think you, your broken leg is so intended?" "I make no question but it is," was the meek reply: and so in

very truth it proved, for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to his liberty and friends.

The Despoiled Humming-Bird.—HANNAH F. GOULD.

Written on receiving a Humming-Bird's nest, sent by a friend from a neighbouring State. It was covered with moss, and still attached to a piece of the twig on which it was built. Being so formed as to look like a part of a branch of a fruit tree, which a lad was pruning, it was not perceived by him, till he saw the little white eggs rolling out of it into a rivulet, over which the bough fell.

Alas! pretty rover,
Thy joys are all over;
For gone is thy soft downy nest from the tree.
With fond bosom yearning,
Thou'lt seek it, returning;
But, poor little Birdie! thy nest is with me.

Yet not of my doing
This deed for thy ruing,
Which leaves thee in anguish thy home to deplore;
While thanking the donor,
I grieve for the owner,
And fain to its bough would thy building restore.

I fancy thee coming,
With light pinions humming,
Where tiny white gems, thy soft cell had impearled,
To mourn without measure
Thy nest and thy treasure;
For ah! they are gone,—and that home was thy world.

Yet, hadst thou forsaken
The nest that was taken,
And left it all empty and lone on the bough,
With joy at receiving
A house of thy leaving,
I never had felt for thee sorrow, as now.

Then deem me not cruel,
But come, little jewel,
And follow the scent of thy home from the tree.
Whilst I can't replace it,
Perchance thou mayst trace it,
And find thy lost dwelling in quiet with me.

No rudeness has marred it,
Nor falling has jarred it,
The twig of thy choosing is under it still;
Its thatching of mosses,
And inlay of flosses,
Are just as composed by thy labour and skill.

Thou only couldst form it,
Return then, and warm it
Again with thy breast, letting love banish fear;
So, when thou art coming
At eve from thy roaming,
Thou'lt know, my dear Birdie, thy home still is here.

The young flowerets blooming,
And sweetly perfuming
The pure air, invite thee to feed from their store;
The honey-cup's filling,
And wilt thou be willing
To come and believe thou shalt mourn never more?

The Inhabitants of a Brook.—GODMAN.

I seated myself on a stone by the side of a brook, and remained for some time, unconsciously gazing on

the fluid which gushed along in unsullied brightness over its pebbly bed. Opposite to my seat was an irregular hole in the bed of the stream, into which, in an idle mood, I pushed a small pebble with the end of my stick. What was my surprise, in a few seconds afterwards, to observe the water in this hole in motion, and the pebble I had pushed into it, gently approaching the surface. Such was the fact; the hole was the dwelling of a stout little crayfish, or fresh water lobster, who did not choose to be incommoded by the pebble, though doubtless he attributed its sudden arrival, to the usual accidents of the stream, and not to my thoughtless movements. He had thrust his broad, lobster-like claws under the stone, and then drawn them near to his mouth; thus making a kind of shelf; and as he reached the edge of the hole, he suddenly extended his claws, and rejected the incumbrance from the lower side, or down stream. Delighted to have found a living object with whose habits I was unacquainted, I should have repeated my experiment, but the crayfish presently returned with what might be called an armful of rubbish, and threw it over the side of his cell, and down the stream as before. Having watched him for some time while thus engaged, my attention was caught by the considerable number of similar holes along the margin, and in the bed of the stream. One of these, I explored with a small rod, and found it to be eight or ten inches deep, and widened below into a considerable chamber, in which the little lobster found a comfortable abode. Like all of his tribe, the crayfish makes considerable opposition to being removed from his dwelling, and bit smartly at the stick with his claws: as my present object was only to gain acquaintance with his dwelling, he was speedily permitted to return to it in peace.

Under the end of a stone lying in the bed of the stream, something was floating in the pure current, which at first seemed like the tail of a fish, and being desirous to obtain a better view, I gently raised the stone on its edge, and was rewarded by a very beautiful sight. The object first observed, was the tail of a

beautiful salamander, whose sides were of a pale straw colour, flecked with circlets of the richest crimson. Its long, lizard-like body seemed to be semitransparent, and its slender limbs appeared like mere productions of the skin. Not far distant, and near where the upper end of the stone had been, lay crouched, as if asleep, one of the most beautifully coloured frogs I had ever beheld. Its body was slender, compared with most frogs, and its skin covered with stripes of bright reddish brown, and grayish green, in such a manner as to recall the beautiful markings of the tiger's hide; and since the time alluded to, it has received the name of *Tigrina*, from Leconte, its first scientific describer. How long I should have been content to gaze at these beautiful animals, as they lay basking in the living water, I know not, had not the intense heat made me feel the necessity of seeking a shade.

The Cucullo.—ABBOTT.

The Cucullo is a light-giving insect, found in the West India islands. It is about an inch and a half long and one fourth of an inch broad. When the season for them arrives, there will be but two or three of them, perhaps, observed in the course of an evening; but their numbers rapidly increase, and after the lapse of a week, they are seen in countless thousands.

Their sportive hour commences with twilight. Then they dart in all directions, like so many brilliant stars, over the tops of the trees, now soaring, and again descending. Suddenly, they wheel from one direction to another, pursuing and pursued, and playing in circles round each other.

Our glow-worm and fire-fly are not to be compared to the cucullos. The light which these give is not a flash but steady, emitted through two large eyes, always visible, except when they are flying from you; and it is a light of uncommon whiteness and purity, not like the red glare of a lamp, not like the fiery radiance of Mars, but the soft beams of Venus, the morning and evening

star. The swiftness and irregularity of their flight, the distance at which they can be seen, the diameter of the circle in which they are seen to attract each other, and the ardour with which they concentrate to a meeting, and whirl round a common centre, delight the spectator.

The children often use a lamp as a decoy, and the distant cucullo is thus attracted and taken. One cucullo is exhibited to attract others; and hundreds fall into the snare and become prisoners, and are kept in cages prepared for them, or in baskets covered with a cloth. They are apt to pine in confinement, and without great skill and care, they die. It is usual to feed them with sugar cane and plantain; and it is necessary carefully to bathe them in water and dry them in the sun. They love the dews of evening, and showers of rain, and to bask in the sun; and that management which best combines the elements of their comfort, is most likely to preserve them alive.

With the tenderest treatment they expire by hundreds when in confinement. Out of three hundred attempted to be carried to the United States by one individual, half a dozen only survived the voyage. Another person was more successful and reached the city of New York with fifty. Being something of a humourist, he gave them their liberty in Broadway, in a fine evening, and was greatly diverted by the astonishment of the citizens, and the eagerness of a crowd of boys in pursuit of the sparkling fugitives.

In the day time this insect is sleepy, but if shaken, it gives a light of considerable brilliancy. In the night their brightness is so great, that the negro mothers use them as nursing lamps, and the young women sometimes adorn their persons with cucullo brilliants, disposed on their necks or frocks, wherever they may appear to the best advantage.

The Cooper's Child.—HANNAH F. GOULD.

Written from an incident that occurred soon after the famous Eastern-land speculation, and the bursting of

that bubble, which left insolvent so many banks and individuals, about the year 1836–37.

I heard the knocker gently fall,
And rose to answer to the call;
When there a little stranger stood,
Serene, beneath her faded hood;
While under it the wintry air
Went searching for her golden hair,
To catch the curls, and throw them out,
And twirl and toss them all about.

She had a dewy, azure eye,
As bright and soft as summer sky,—
A pretty, dimpled, rosy cheek,
And modest mouth, her wish to speak.
And when the little Emma told
That she was seven winters old,
I thought the raiment that she wore
Might well have numbered seven more.

Her cloak—with hardly strength to hold
The name of one—looked thin and cold;
While not a tuck in Emma's gown
Remained, again to let it down,
An inch or two of skirt to hide,
Which proved that any skirt, to bide
Its time and chances, smooth and rough,
Must first be made of *sterner stuff*.

And at the tip of Emma's shoe,
Its little tenant, peeping through,
Evinced that it was never put
Upon a slow or idle foot;
While by her slender hand, she bore
Her fortune round from door to door,
Within a kerchief, wrapped with care
About a piece of wooden ware!

"I want to part with this," she said,
"For twenty pence, to buy us bread:

It is a *piggin*, smooth and tight,
That father finished late last night,
When I was tired and sleeping sound;—
For yesterday I carried round
Another, just like this, that sold
For bread as much as it would hold.

"That served for supper,—and, to-day,
For breakfast, ere I came away.
Before we ate it, father prayed
That we no more might feel afraid
Of never being daily fed:—
For he had spread the BOOK, and read
The story, in its pleasant words,
About the Prophet and the birds.

"But father cannot walk, like him:
He's sick, and has a ruined limb:
He cannot stand and use his feet,
But does his work upon a seat.
To save the ship from being lost,
He suffered by the storm and frost;
And then was brought, so changed, from sea,
We thought at first it was n't he!

"He was the Cooper;—and had made
So many voyages, he had laid
In store, he says, from all, a sum
To keep for age and wants to come.
He placed it in the *Bank;* and felt
That silver there would never melt,
As in the purse, or in the hands,
Or down among the *Eastern lands.*

"When he was on that stormy trip,
And lost his health to save the ship,
The world turned upside down so quick,
Poor mother says, her heart grew sick
To see the changes, and to know
How all he'd saved so long must go!

Though now, she'd fain give ten times more,
To see him well, and as before.

"And father says—with all his care
For us, and all his pains to bear—
When he was told the bank had *failed*,
The merchant, too, for whom he sailed—
And he unpaid,—it was a shock,
As when a vessel strikes a rock!
For then his last remaining rope
Was fastened to the anchor, *Hope!*

"But since he's better, and so well,
He makes such things as this, to sell;
While mother sews, and Katy knits,
And Eddie in the cradle sits,
Or leans against a chair, and plays,
And laughs to see the shavings blaze;
He says he hopes the rudest gale
Will never make his *courage 'fail.'*

"He'll thank you much for having bought
His new, white piggin that I brought;
'T will make them all so glad, when I
Go home with this, the loaves to buy.
For father, though he cannot walk,
Will smile, and use his sailor talk;
And says, his little sail is set
To scud, and shun the breaker, *debt.*

"He says, when too much sail is spread,
And one neglects to spy ahead,
To see on what his bark may dash,
He sometimes learns it by the crash!—
But skilful seamen have an eye
To rock and shoal—to sea and sky—
To every cord and plank, and seek
To find and stop the slightest leak.

"But then he adds, that, when a man
Does all he should, and all he can,

He cannot always shun the storm
That from a sudden cloud may form;—
'Tis therefore ever best to be
At peace with Him who rules the sea;—
To keep his compass in the heart,
Though canvas, spars, and cables part."

Explosion of a Bomb-Shell.—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

In the spring of 1845, there was an accidental explosion of a bomb-shell in Charlton street, New York. I was sitting in my house, about a quarter of a mile from the place of the explosion, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole house was shaken by the report of apparently the heaviest piece of artillery. I was just preparing to go down in town, and taking an omnibus, soon saw a multitude of men and boys running towards Charlton street. In a moment more, a crowd came around the corner of Charlton street into Hudson street, bearing the body of a well-dressed man upon a window shutter. They crossed the street directly by the omnibus, and I observed that the whole back of the head was blown off. Perceiving indications of great excitement in the rapidly gathering crowd, and hearing exclamations of "explosion," "terrible explosion," &c., I left the omnibus to learn the cause of the disaster. Entering Charlton street, guided by hundreds who were rushing to that point from all quarters, I observed that on both sides of the street for a short distance, the windows were entirely demolished, the frames in many places blown in, doors shattered, and holes blown actually through the sides of houses. In one place, forty rods, I should judge, from the spot where the explosion took place, a hole was blown through the front of a frame house, large enough for a man to enter. Upon the side walk, in front of a shop of old iron, lay in disorder, some thirty or forty rusty bomb-shells, about eight inches in diameter. It was said by the crowd that a man had one of these between his knees, endeav-

ouring to loosen the charge with a stick, when it exploded, producing this scene of destruction and carnage. The body of this man was torn to pieces, and scattered in fragments through the streets. Observing a crowd gathered around an object in the street at a little distance, I approached it, and saw the lower portion of a man's leg, with the crushed bones and mangled flesh. "The other leg," said a bystander, "was blown over into Hudson street." A crowd was collected around a window sill, gazing at some object. It was a man's hand, the fingers burnt, and crushed, and blackened, having been torn from the body, and thrown with violence against the brick wall. The mangled trunk of the unfortunate man, headless and limbless, had been carried into the house, and the shrieks of his wife were heard over the bloody remains. Upon an iron window frame, lay the torn and bloody body of another man. A fragment of the shell had torn away one half of his head. He was dead. Two young men, who happened to be passing by in the middle of the street, were literally blown up into the air, and fell, with broken and mangled limbs, upon the pavement. They both died, I believe, the next day. In the street lay a horse dead, and it was singular that he also had the whole of the back of his head torn off by a fragment of the shell. A beautiful wagon, to which he was attached, was also demolished, the spokes of the wheels broken, and the vehicle almost torn to pieces.

Such was the devastation produced by the explosion of one single shell. And yet this shell did but perform its function. It was made for this very purpose—to destroy property and life. It was made to be thrown into the crowded streets of a city, there to explode, and blow up houses, and tear limb from limb. This was the function of the instrument. To throw such missiles as these into the crowded streets of a city, is part of the business of war. As I looked upon this scene, and witnessed the carnage and woe, the work of one single shell, and then reflected upon the consternation and horror which must be produced by raining down a shower of these shell, upon a city, crushing their way

through the roofs of houses, exploding in the chambers of the dying, or in parlours where mothers, and daughters, and infant children are gathered in terror; never before did I so deeply feel the horrors,—the unmitigated iniquity of war; never before did I so deeply feel the duty of using our influence to promote its abolition.

The whole city of New York was thrown into excitement by the tale of the explosion of this one shell, and there is scarcely a newspaper in the land, which did not record the dreadful story. And yet it is the business of war to cast these shells by thousands, among the men and boys who crowd the ships of the navy and the merchant fleet, and among the aged men, the mothers, the maidens, and the children who throng the dwellings and the pavements of the city.

When Napoleon, with his blood-stained army, arrived before the walls of Vienna, he planted his batteries, and in less than ten hours threw three thousand of these horrible projectiles into the city. Three hundred of these bomb-shells exploded every hour, five every minute, in the streets and dwellings of that crowded metropolis. Who can imagine the terrors of that dreadful night, when, amid the thunders of artillery, the cry and the uproar of contending armies, and conflagrations breaking out on every side, these terrible shells, like fiery meteors with portentous glare, were streaking the air, and descending like hail-stones upon the devoted city. In this way Napoleon conquered Vienna. In this way England conquered Canton. And in this way our own countrymen conquered Vera Cruz.

The Bechuana Boy.—T. PRINGLE.

The chief incidents of this little tale were related to the author by an African boy, whom he first met with near the borders of the Great Karroo, or Arid Desert. The expression of the orphan stranger, when asked about his kindred, was, literally, "I am all alone in the world."

I sat at noontide in my tent,
And looked across the desert dun,
That, 'neath the cloudless firmament,
Lay gleaming in the sun,—
When, from the bosom of the waste,
A swarthy stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod, and naked limb,
And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,
And modestly before me stood,
Caressing, with a kindly hand,
That fawn of gentle brood;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said, in the language of his race,
With smiling look, yet pensive tone—
"Stranger, I'm in the world alone!"

"Poor boy," I said, "thy kindred's home,
Beyond far Stormberg's ridges blue,
Why hast thou left, so young, to roam
This desolate Karroo?"
The smile forsook him while I spoke;
And, when again he silence broke,
It was with many a stifled sigh,
He told this strange, sad history:

"I have no kindred!" said the boy;
"The Bergenaars—by night they came,
And raised their murder shout of joy,
While o'er our huts, the flame
Rushed like a torrent; and their yell
Pealed louder as our warriors fell
In helpless heaps beneath their shot—
One living man they left us not!

"The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey;
And, with our herds, across the plain
They hurried us away—

The widowed mothers and their brood:
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried—they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captives smote.

"Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more:
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down;
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

"At length, was heard a river sounding,
Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand—
Among the maddened cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

"Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows, in its eddies deep,
Loud snorting as we passed;
But that relentless robber clan,
Right through those waters wild and wan,
Drove on like sheep our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

"All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger's ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The white men gathered round:
And there like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
Midst laughter loud, and looks of scorn,
And roughly from each other torn.

"My mother's scream so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And madly 'mong those ruthless men
I sprang!—Alas! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

"Away—away on bounding steeds
The white man-stealers fleetly go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capped with snow,—
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge was past,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

"And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows and burning shame.
Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe,
When, round his heart, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts that madden while they sting!

"Yet this hard fate, I might have borne,
And taught, in time, my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn,
But found a single friend:
My race extinct, or far removed,
The boor's rough brood I could have loved—
But each to whom my bosom turned,
E'en like a hound the black boy spurned!

"While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced, this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild dogs chased:

I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother's gore,
And nursed it in a cavern wild
Until it loved me like a child.

"Gently I nursed it—for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good Utika* it was brought
To bid me not repine—
Since, in this world of wrong and ill,
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

"Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud boor's flocks to tend;
And this pet fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;
When, suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

"High swelled my heart!—But, when the star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
Into the desert fled.
And there, from human kind exiled,
Four moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey,
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

"But yester morn, a bushman brought
The tiding that thy tents were here,
And now, rejoicingly I've sought
Thy presence—void of fear;
Because they say, oh, English chief!
Thou scornest not the captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee as thine own,
For I am in the world alone!"

* The Deity.

Such was Marossi's touching tale.
Our breasts they were not made of stone—
His words, his winning looks prevail—
We took him for "our own;"
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlock'd the fountains of his heart,
And love gushed forth, till he became
Her child in every thing but name.

The Sparrow's Nest.—HOWITT.

Nay, only look what I have found!
A Sparrow's nest upon the ground;
A Sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm tree.

And what a medley thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this,—
So neatly wove, with decent care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair;

But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends:
See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag!

Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washer-woman's gown;
And here is muslin, pink and green,
And bits of calico between;

O never thinks the lady fair,
As she goes by with mincing air,
How the pert Sparrow over-head,
Has robbed her gown to make its bed!

See, hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat,

And shreds of silk, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together.

Well, here has hoarding been and hiving,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these!

Think, had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought,
Some man, of men a very gem,
Pray what could he have done with them?

If we had said, "Behold, we bring
Thee many a worthless little thing,
Just bits and scraps, so very small,
That they have scarcely size at all;

"And out of these, thou must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five;
Neat, warm, and snug; with comfort stored;
Where five small things may lodge and board!"

How would the man of learning vast
Have been astonished and aghast;
And said that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen.

Ah! man of learning, thou art wrong;
Instinct is, more than wisdom, strong;
And He who made the Sparrow, taught
This skill beyond thy reach of thought.

And here, in this uncostly nest,
These little creatures have been blest
Nor have kings known in palaces,
Half their contentedness in this—
Poor, simple dwelling as it is!

Adventure among the Indians.

During a war between England and France, about the middle of last century, some of the Indian tribes of this country fought on the side of the English colonies, and others took part with the French. In the year 1755, a young man named James Smith, was taken prisoner by a band of French and Indians, in the western part of Pennsylvania. He was adopted as a member of one of the tribes of his captors, put on Indian clothing, and lived among them as an Indian. In his account of his captivity, he gives the following narration. He was then living with a venerable Indian and his son, in a lonely part of the country, forty miles from any other human being. He says, "In February there came a snow, with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating any thing, and had very short allowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening, faint and weary. When I came into our hut, the old Indian asked me what success: I told him not any. He asked me if I was not very hungry. I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be, in some measure, removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey, his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bone-broth; and after eating a few mouthfuls, my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wild-cat bones, which lay about the camp, and which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked. These Nunganey had collected and boiled, until the sinews that remained on the bones would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had ended my sweet repast, the old man asked me how I felt. I told him I was much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He said he had something

of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now was, 'because few men are in a right humour to hear good talk, when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed; but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true.

"'Brother, as you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the Great Being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are wonderfully supplied, and that so frequently, that it is evidently the hand of the Great *Owaneeyo** that doth this; whereas, the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle, that they can kill when they please, and have also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of heaven and earth. Brother, I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger, but you have no just reason to fear this.

"'Brother, I have been young, but am now old: I have been frequently under the like circumstances that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life; yet I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

"'Brother, Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him; and likewise to know the worth of the favours that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

"'Brother, be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means—go to sleep, and rise early in the morning, and go a hunting—be strong and

* This is the name of God, in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way.'

"The next morning I went out, and steered about an east course. I proceeded on slowly for about five miles, and saw deer frequently, but as the crust on the snow made a great noise, they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry. It was now that I concluded that I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole of the way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape; but my case appeared desperate: if I staid here I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians, they could but kill me.

"I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about ten or twelve miles from our hut, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks. I pursued after, and in a short time, came in sight of them, as they were passing through a small glade. I ran with all my might and headed them, where I lay in ambush and killed a very large cow. I immediately kindled a fire, and began to roast meat, but could not wait till it was done: I ate it almost raw. When hunger was somewhat abated, I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother, and the little boy whom I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homewards.

"I scarcely thought on the old man's speech while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return, was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hard-heartedness and ingratitude, in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified, in our providentially obtaining a supply. I thought, also, of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my attempt to leave them.

"As it was moonlight, I got home to our hut, and

found the old man in his usual good humour. He thanked me for my exertions, and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him I would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself, which he did, but ate it almost raw, as I had done. I immediately hung on the kettle with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices, and put them in: when it had boiled awhile, I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied, 'let it be done enough.' This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner as if he had not wanted a single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time, lest he might hurt himself; but told him to sit down, and after some time he might sup some broth; this command he reluctantly obeyed.

"When we were all refreshed, he delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary supports of life with thankfulness, knowing that *Owaneeyo is the great giver.*"

What Animals are made for.—EVENINGS AT HOME.

"Pray, father," said Sophia, after she had been a long time teased with the flies, that buzzed about her ears, and settled on her nose and forehead as she sat at work—"Pray, what were flies made for?"

"For some good, I dare say," replied her father.

Sop. But I think they do a great deal more harm than good, for I am sure they plague me sadly: and in the kitchen they are so troublesome, that the maids can hardly do their work for them.

Fa. Flies eat up many things that would otherwise corrupt and become loathsome; and they serve for food to birds, spiders, and many other animals.

Sop. But we could clean away everything that was offensive without their help; and as to their serving for food, I have seen whole heaps of them lying dead in a

window, without seeming to have done good to anything.

Fa. Well, then. Suppose a fly capable of thinking; would he not be equally puzzled to find out what men were good for? "This great two-legged monster," he might say, "instead of helping us to live, devours more food at a meal than would serve a whole legion of flies. Then he kills us by hundreds when we come within his reach, and I see him destroy and torment all other animals too. And when he dies he is nailed up in a box, and put a great way under ground, as if he grudged doing any more good after his death than when alive." Now what could we answer to such a reasoning fly?

Sop. I would tell him he was very impertinent for talking so of his betters; for that he and all other creatures were made for the use of man, and not man for theirs.

Fa. But would that be true? Thou hast just been saying that thou couldst not find out of what use flies were to us: whereas, when they suck our blood, there is no doubt that we are of use to them.

Sop. It is that which puzzles me.

Fa. There are many other animals which we call *noxious*, and which are so far from being useful to us, that we take all possible pains to get rid of them. More than that, there are vast tracts of the earth where few or no men inhabit, which are yet full of beasts, birds, insects, and all living things. These certainly do not exist there for our use alone. On the contrary, they often keep man away.

Sop. Then what are they made for?

Fa. They are made to be happy. It is a manifest purpose of the Creator to give life to many beings, for life is enjoyment to all creatures in health and in possession of their faculties. Man surpasses other animals in his powers of enjoyment, and he has prospects in a future state which they do not share with him. But the Creator desires the happiness of all his creatures, and looks down with kindly benignity upon these flies that are sporting around us, as well as upon ourselves

Sop. Then we ought not to kill them, if they are ever so troublesome.

Fa. I do not say that. We have a right to make a reasonable use of all animals for our advantage, and also to free ourselves from such as are hurtful to us. So far, our superiority over them may fairly extend. But we should never abuse them for our mere amusement, nor take away their lives wantonly. Nay, a good-natured man will rather undergo a *little* inconvenience, than take away from a creature all that it possesses. An infant may destroy life, but all the kings upon earth cannot restore it.

Sop. But pray, father, do not animals destroy one another?

Fa. They do, indeed. The greatest part of them only live by the destruction of life. There is a perpetual warfare going on, in which the stronger prey upon the weaker, and, in turn, are the prey of those which are a degree stronger than themselves. Even the innocent sheep, with every mouthful of grass, destroys hundreds of small insects. In the air we breathe, and the water we drink, we give death to thousands of invisible creatures.

Sop. But is not that very strange? If they were created to live and be happy, why should they be destroyed so fast?

Fa. They are destroyed no faster than others are produced; and if they enjoyed life while it lasted, they have had a good bargain. By making animals the food of animals, Providence has filled up every chink, as it were, of existence. See these swarms of flies. During all the hot weather they are continually coming forth from the state of eggs and maggots, and as soon as they get the use of wings, they roam about and fill every place in search of food. Meantime, they are giving sustenance to the whole race of spiders; they maintain all the swallow tribe, and contribute greatly to the support of many other small birds, and even afford many a delicate morsel to the fishes. Their own numbers, however, seem scarcely diminished, and vast multitudes live on till the cold weather comes and puts

an end to them. Were nothing to touch them, they would probably become so numerous as to starve each other. As it is, they are full of enjoyment themselves, and afford life and enjoyment to other creatures, which in their turn supply the wants of others.

Pocahontas.

Pocahontas was the daughter of Powhatan, a powerful Indian king. When the English first came to settle in Virginia, in the spring of 1607, he bore rule over thirty tribes or nations, and was much feared and respected. The princess Pocahontas was then about twelve years of age. She was always kind and friendly to the white strangers. When they were in distress for food, she would go herself and carry them baskets of corn.

In a few years, contention arose between the white and the red men; and Captain John Smith, one of the leaders of the colony, was taken prisoner and condemned to death. Pocahontas, moved with pity, begged her father to spare his life, but in vain. He was laid upon the ground, and warriors stood around with heavy clubs, prepared to kill him. Just as the fatal blow was about to descend, she flew to him, and laid her head upon his. She said if the stroke fell, it must crush her head first. The king was moved at the courage of his child, and bade the captive rise and live. Thus, through her intercession, his life was saved.

Some time after this, a plan was secretly formed by the Indians, to destroy all the English in the colony at once, and at a time when they least expected it. Again the young princess proved a firm friend. Captain Smith, in a letter to the queen of England, says, that Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian king, came alone through the thick woods, in the darkness of the night, to warn them of their danger.

Afterward, this amiable princess made profession of the Christian religion. In 1613, she was married to a young Englishman of the name of Rolfe. This mar

riage gave great delight to both whites and Indians, and proved a bond of peace between them. Three years afterward, she went with her husband and infant son to England. Here she was treated with great attention, not only by his friends, but by the queen of James the First, and many other distinguished persons. They admired the gentle manners of the forest princess; they also remembered with gratitude, that she had saved their colony in America from famine and slaughter.

She spent a year pleasantly in the native land of her husband. When about to return, she was taken suddenly ill, and died, at the age of twenty-two, greatly lamented.

Her aged father, king Powhatan, long looked for his beloved daughter, but in vain. He often sat upon a high hill, watching the waters, and hoping that every speck which appeared among the mist, was the vessel bearing her to his arms. But he saw her no more. And the white-haired king mourned for her till he died.

Contentment.

There is a right and a wrong kind of contentment. We may be in a condition not quite agreeable to us; our food, clothing, and other necessaries, may be deficient; we may possess faculties of mind and body capable of improving our condition; and it may be in no way imprudent to make the attempt to better ourselves. It may also happen that we are in a situation where real evils press upon us. We may be injuring our health by living in a damp house; or we may have a hole in our clothes which might be easily mended. In these circumstances it is not best to be contented. True contentment is to be patient and happy in the situation which is suited to our faculties and means, and under evils which no exertion or care can remedy. All admire this kind of contentment, and every good man endeavours to practise it.

One who does not easily content himself with any

good which he may reach, is said to be ambitious. A useful end is served under providence, by ambitious men; but they themselves never can be truly happy, for they never are quite content. Give them one thing, they wish another; whatever honours they may attain, they long for more. Alexander, when he had conquered a large part of the world, wept when he reflected that there were no more worlds to conquer. In high station, and in the possession of great wealth, there is always danger, and consequently uneasiness, while the man who is contented with a moderate share of the good things of life, is more likely to live in ease and safety.

Henry Dundas was a great statesman in the reign of George III. Much power was given to him, yet he was not always happy. On the last day of the year 1795, Sir John Sinclair visited him at his seat of Wimbledon, and staid all night. Early next morning the guest went into Dundas's library, and found him reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape of Good Hope, as a security to the British possessions in India. Sir John shook him by the hand, and said, "I come, my friend, according to the Scottish custom, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of the season." The statesman, after a short pause, replied with some emotion, "I hope this year will be happier than the last, for I scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it." This confession, coming from an individual whose whole life hitherto had been a series of triumphs, and who appeared to stand secure upon the summit of political ambition, was often dwelt upon by Sir John Sinclair, as exemplifying the vanity of human wishes.

Vigilance of Canadian Geese.—AUDUBON.

Wherever you find them, and however remote from the haunts of man the place may be, they are at all times so vigilant and suspicious, that it is extremely

rare to surprise them. In keenness of sight and acuteness of hearing, they are perhaps surpassed by no bird whatever. They act as sentinels toward each other, and during the hours at which the flock reposes, one or more ganders stand on the watch. At the sight of cattle, horses, or animals of the deer kind, they are seldom alarmed; but a bear or cougar is instantly announced, and if, on such occasions, the flock is on the ground near water, the birds immediately betake themselves in silence to the latter, swim to the middle of the pond or river, and there remain until danger is over. Should their enemies pursue them in the water, the males utter loud shrieks, and the birds arrange themselves in close ranks, rise simultaneously in a few seconds, and fly off in a compact body, seldom at such times forming lines or angles, it being, in fact, only when the distance they have to travel is great that they dispose themselves in those forms. So acute is their sense of hearing, that they are able to distinguish the different sounds or footsteps of their foes with astonishing accuracy. Thus, the breaking of a dry stick by a deer, is at once distinguished from the same accident occasioned by a man. If a dozen of large turtles drop into the water, making a great noise in their fall, or if the same effect is produced by an alligator, the wild goose pays no attention to it; but however faint and distant may be the sound of an Indian's paddle, that may by accident have struck the side of his canoe, it is at once marked, every individual raises its head and looks intently towards the place from which the noise has proceeded, and in silence all watch the movements of their enemies. These birds are extremely cunning also; and should they conceive themselves unseen, they silently move into the tall grasses by the margin of the water, lower their heads, and lie perfectly quiet until the boat has passed by. I have seen them walk off from a large frozen pond into the woods, to elude the sight of the hunter, and return as soon as he had crossed the pond. But should there be snow on the ice or in the woods, they prefer watching the intruder, and take to wing long before he is within shooting distance, as if aware of the ease with

which they could be followed by their tracks over the treacherous surface. If wounded in the wing, they sometimes dive to a small depth, and make off with astonishing address, always in the direction of the shore; the moment they reach which, you may observe them sneaking through the long grass or bushes, their necks extended an inch or so above the ground, and in this manner proceeding so silently, that, unless closely watched, they are pretty sure to escape.

If shot at and wounded while on the ice, they immediately walk off in a dignified manner, as if anxious to make you believe that they have not been injured, emitting a loud note all the while; but the instant they reach the shore they become silent, and make off in the manner described. I was much surprised one day, while on the coast of Labrador, to see how cunningly one of these birds, which, in consequence of the moult, was quite unable to fly, managed for a while to elude our pursuit. It was perceived at some distance from the shore, when the boat was swiftly rowed towards it, and it swam before us with great speed, making directly towards the land; but when we came within a few yards of it, it dived, and nothing could be seen of it for a long time. Every one of the party stood on tiptoe to mark the spot at which it should rise, but in vain; when the man at the rudder accidentally looked over the stern, and there saw the goose, its body immersed, the point of its bill alone above water, and its feet busily engaged in propelling it so as to keep pace with the movements of the boat. The sailor attempted to catch it while within a foot or two of him; but with the swiftness of thought it shifted from side to side, fore and aft, until, delighted at having witnessed so much sagacity, in a goose, I begged the party to suffer it to escape.

Presence of Mind.—CHAMBERS.

The truly wise man does not rush into danger without a sufficient cause, but when peril cannot be avoided,

he endeavours to meet it calmly. We may be very cautious in all our actions, and very careful to keep away from places, in which we think it probable that we may receive bodily injury, yet if we are fulfilling the active duties of life, we cannot entirely escape scenes of danger. In all such situations, he who is calm is the best prepared to see, and to take advantage of any means of preservation which may be within his reach. Some are so confused and weakened by fright, that they cannot provide the proper means of escape. Those who are enabled to preserve their calmness, and the full possession of their faculties in times of personal peril, are said to have *presence of mind*. The value of this attainment is shown by the following anecdotes:—

In Edinburgh, about a hundred years ago, there was a grocer named George Dewar, who, besides teas, sugar, and other articles, now usually sold by grocers, dealt extensively in garden-seeds. Underneath his shop he had a cellar, in which he kept a great quantity of his merchandise. One day, he desired his servant-maid to go down to the cellar with a candle, and bring him a supply of a particular kind of soap kept there. The girl went to do her master's bidding, but she imprudently did not provide herself with a candlestick, and therefore found it necessary, while filling her basket with pieces of soap, to stick the candle into what she thought a bag of black seed, which stood open by her side. In returning, both her hands were required to carry the basket, so that she had to leave the candle where it was. When George Dewar saw her coming up the trap stair without the candle, he asked her where she had left it. She carelessly said that she had stuck it into some black seed near the place where the soap lay. He instantly recollected that this black seed was gunpowder, and knew that a single spark falling from the candle would blow up the house, and bury himself and many other persons in the ruins. He also knew that the candle, if left where it was, would, in a little time, burn down to the gunpowder, and produce this catastrophe. To fly, then, was to make the destruction of his house and property certain, while to go down and

attempt to take away the candle, was to run the risk of being destroyed himself, for he could not tell, that a spark was not to fall the next instant into the powder. He, nevertheless, made up his mind in a moment, and descended into the cellar. There he saw the candle burning brightly in the midst of the bag of gunpowder. He approached softly, lest, by putting the air in motion, he might cause the candle to sparkle. Then, stooping with the greatest deliberation over the sack, he formed his hands into a hollow, like the basin of a candlestick, and clasped the candle between his fingers. He might thus have had the chance of catching any spark which fell. No spark fell, and he bore away the candle in safety.

Sir James Thornhill, a distinguished painter, was employed in decorating the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. One day, to observe the effect of a certain part of his work, he moved backwards from it along the scaffolding, until he had reached the very edge; another step would have dashed him to pieces on the pavement below. His servant, at this moment, observed his danger, and in an instant threw a pot of paint at the picture. Sir James immediately rushed forward to chastise the man for his apparently unjustifiable act, but when the reason was explained, could not give him sufficient thanks, or sufficiently admire his ready ingenuity. Had the servant called out to apprise him of his danger, he would have probably lost his footing and been killed. The only means of saving him, was to create a motive for his voluntarily returning from the edge of the scaffold. For this purpose, an injury to the painting was a good means. All these calculations and the act itself, were the work of an instant, for this servant possessed the inestimable qualities of presence of mind and resource.

Conscientiousness.

At the time of the French Revolution, there lived at Frankfort on the Maine, in Germany, a Jewish banker

of limited means, but good reputation, named Moses Rothschild. When the French army invaded Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cassel was obliged to fly from his dominions. As he passed through Frankfort, he requested Moses Rothschild to take charge of a large sum of money and some valuable jewels, which he feared might otherwise fall into the hands of the enemy. The Jew would have declined so great a charge, but the prince was so much at a loss for the means of saving his property, that Moses at length consented. He declined, however, giving a receipt for it, as in such dangerous circumstances, he could not be answerable for its being safely restored.

The money and jewels, to the value of several hundred thousand pounds, were conveyed to Frankfort; and just as the French entered the town, Rothschild had succeeded in burying it in a corner of his garden. He made no attempt to conceal his own property, which amounted only to six thousand pounds. The French accordingly took this, without suspecting that he had any larger sum in his possession. Had he, on the contrary, pretended to have no money, they would have certainly searched, as they did in many other cases, and might have found and taken the whole. When they left the town, he dug up the prince's money, and began to make use of a small portion of it. He now throve in his business, and soon gained much wealth of his own.

A few years after, when peace came, the Prince of Hesse Cassel returned to his dominions. He was almost afraid to call on the Frankfort banker, for he readily reflected that if the French had not got the money and jewels, Moses might pretend they had, and thus keep all to himself. To his great astonishment, Moses informed him that the whole of the property was safe, and now ready to be returned, with five per cent. interest on the money. The banker, at the same time, related by what means he had saved it, and apologised for breaking upon the money, by representing, that to save it, he had had to sacrifice all his own, The prince was so impressed by the fidelity of Rothschild under his great trust, that he allowed the money to remain in his

hands at a small rate of interest. To mark also his gratitude, he recommended the honest Jew to various European sovereigns, as a money-lender. Moses was consequently employed in several great transactions for raising loans, by which he realized a vast profit. In time he became immensely rich, and put his three sons into the same kind of business in the three chief capitals of Europe—London, Paris, and Vienna. All of them prospered. They became the wealthiest private men whom the world has ever known.

The Midnight Rain.

The midnight rain comes pattering down,
The winds are howling by,
And clouds of darkest hue and gloom
Enshroud the spangled sky.
Yet, careless I pursue my way,
Not heeding Nature's frown;
And all within is bright as day,
Though rain comes pattering down.

He who has learned his Maker's ways,
His mercy and his love,
Can view them through the endless mist
That shroudeth all above.
Ay, though he sees the faded flower,
At Autumn's sunset brown,
Or hears, at midnight's lonely hour,
The rain come pattering down.

The flower, he knows, will bloom again,
And sweet will be the scene,
When Autumn's russet brown shall change
To Spring's enchanting green.
And bright will be the morning's light
Unclouded by a frown,
Though now, amid this howling night,
The rain comes pattering down.

Thus, let us feel thy presence, Lord,
In darkness and in light,
When blessings shed around their bloom,
Or sorrows cast their blight.
And let us still thy ways pursue;
So shall we wear a crown,
When o'er our grave falls midnight dew,
Or rain comes pattering down.

Affection of Animals.—JESSE.

Animals which are unable to associate with their own species, will sometimes form most strange attachments. I had last year a solitary pigeon, who, being unable to procure a mate, attached itself to an old barn door fowl, whose side it seldom left, at night roosting by him in the hen-house. The fowl seemed sensible of the attachment of the pigeon, and never molested it or drove it from him. I had already a tame hedge-hog, which nestled before the fire on the stomach of an old lazy terrier dog, who was much attached to it, and the best understanding existed between them. I have also seen a horse and pig associate together for want of any other companions; and Gilbert White, in his Natural History of Selborne, mentions a curious fact of a horse and a solitary hen spending much of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing gently against his legs; while the horse would move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion.

At Aston Hall, in Warwickshire, I have seen a cat and a large fierce blood-hound who were almost always together, the cat following the dog about the yard. and never seeming tired of his society. They fed together, and slept in the same kennel.

A person residing in Northumberland assured me

that he had a tame fox, who was so much attached to his harriers, and they to him, that they lived together, and that the fox always went out hunting with the pack. This fox was never tied up, and was as tame, playful and harmless, as any dog could be. He hunted with the pack for four years, and was at last killed by an accident.

A most singular instance of attachment between two animals, whose natures and habits were most opposite, was related to me by a person, on whose veracity I can place the greatest reliance. Before he took up his abode at Hampton Court, he had resided for nine years in the American states, where he superintended the execution of some extensive works for the American government. One of these works consisted in the erection of a beacon in a swamp, in one of the rivers, where he caught a young alligator. This animal he made so perfectly tame, that it followed him about the house like a dog, scrambling up the stairs after him, and showing much affection and docility. Its great favourite, however, was a cat, and the friendship was mutual. When the cat was reposing herself before the fire, (this was at New York), the alligator would lay himself down, place his head upon the cat, and in this attitude go to sleep. If the cat was absent, the alligator was restless; but he always appeared happy when the cat was near him.

Colonel Montague, in the Supplement to his Ornithological Dictionary, relates the following singular instance of attachment, which took place between a China goose, and a pointer who had killed the male. The dog was most severely punished for the misdemeanor, and had the dead bird tied to his neck. The solitary goose became extremely distressed for the loss of her partner and only companion; and probably having been attracted to the dog's kennel by the sight of her dead mate, she seemed determined to persecute the dog by her constant attendance and continual vociferations; but, after a little time, a strict friendship took place between these incongruous animals. They fed out of the same trough, lived under the same roof, and in the same straw bed kept each other warm; and when the

dog was taken to the field, the lamentations of the goose were incessant.

Some animals of the same species form also strong attachments for each other. This was shown in the case of two Hanoverian horses, who had long served together during the peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and had been companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement, the survivor was picketed as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his associate was killed. A person, who witnessed the circumstance, assured me, that the whole demeanor of this poor horse was very affecting.

Parted Friends.—MONTGOMERY.

Friend after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;

And Faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

The Power of Habit.—EVENINGS AT HOME.

William was one day reading in a book of travels to his father, when he came to the following relation:—

"The Andes, in South America, are one of the highest ridges of mountains in the known world. There is a road over them, on which, about halfway between the summit and the foot, is a house of entertainment, where it is common for travellers in their ascent and descent to meet. The difference of their feelings upon the same spot is very remarkable. Those who are descending the mountain are melting with heat, so that they can scarcely bear any clothes upon them; while those who are ascending shiver with cold, and wrap themselves up in the warmest garments they have."

"How strange this is!" cried William; "What can be the reason of it?"

"It is," replied his father, "a striking instance of *the power of habit* over the body. The cold is so intense on the top of these mountains, that it is as much as travellers can do to keep themselves from being frozen to death. Their bodies, therefore, become so habituated to the sensation of cold, that every diminution of it as they descend seems to them a degree of actual heat; and when they are got halfway down, they feel as if they were quite in a sultry climate. On the other hand, the valleys at the foot of the mountains are so excessively hot, that the body becomes relaxed, and sensible to the slightest degree of cold; so that when a traveller

ascends from them toward the hills, the middle regions appear quite inclement from their coldness."

"And does the same thing," rejoined William, "always happen in crossing high mountains?"

"It does," returned his father, "in a degree proportioned to their height, and the time taken in crossing them. Indeed, a short time is sufficient to produce similar effects. Let one boy have been playing at rolling snow-balls, and another have been roasting himself before a great fire, and let them meet in the porch of the house; if we ask them how they feel, I will answer for it we will find them as different in their accounts as the travellers on the Andes. But this is only one example of the operation of a universal principle belonging to human nature: for the power of habit is the same thing whatever be the circumstance which calls it forth, whether relating to the mind or the body.

"We may consider the story we have been reading as a sort of simile or parable. The central station on the mountain may be compared to the condition of those who have a moderate estate. With what different feelings is this regarded by those who bask in the sunshine of opulence, and those who shrink under the cold blast of penury!

"Suppose our wealthy neighbour, were suddenly obliged to descend to our level, and live as we do—to part with all his carriages, sell his coach-horses, and hunters, quit his noble seat with its fine park and gardens, dismiss all his train of servants except two or three, and take a house like ours; what a dreadful fall it would seem to him! how wretched it would probably make him, and how much would he be pitied by the world!

"On the other hand, suppose the labourer who lives in the next cottage were unexpectedly to fall heir to an estate of a few hundreds a year, and in consequence to get around him all the comforts and conveniences that we possess—a commodious house to inhabit, good clothes to wear, plenty of wholesome food and firing, servants to do all the drudgery of the family, and the like; how all his acquaintance would congratulate him, and what

a paradise would he seem to himself to be got into! Yet he, and the wealthy man, and ourselves, are equally *men*, made liable by nature to the same desires and necessities, and perhaps all equally strong in constitution, and equally capable of supporting hardships. Is not this fully as wonderful a difference in feeling as that on crossing the Andes?"

"Indeed it is," said William.

"And the cause of it must be exactly the same—the influence of habit."

"I think so."

"Of what importance, then, must it be toward a happy life, to regulate our habits so, that in the possible changes of this world we may be more likely to be gainers than losers! To be pleased and satisfied with simple food, to accustom ourselves not to shrink from the inclemencies of the seasons—to avoid indolence, and take delight in some useful employment of the mind or body, to do as much as we can for ourselves, and not expect to be waited upon on every small occasion; these are the habits which will make us, in some measure, independent of fortune, and secure us a moderate degree of enjoyment under every change short of absolute want."

The Price of a Victory.—Evenings at Home.

"Good news! great news! glorious news!" cried young Oswald, as he entered his father's house. "We have got a complete victory, and have killed I don't know how many thousands of the enemy; and we are to have bonfires and illuminations!"

"And so," said his father, "is killing a great many thousands of human creatures a thing to be very glad about?"

Oswald. No, I do not quite think so, father; but surely it is right to be glad that our country has gained a great advantage.

Father. No doubt, it is right to wish well to our country, as far as its prosperity can be promoted without injuring the rest of mankind. But wars are not to the real advantage of a nation; and so many dreadful evils attend them, that a humane man will not rejoice in them, if he considers at all on the subject.

Os. But if our enemies would do us a great deal of mischief, and we prevent it by beating them, have we not a right to be glad of it?

Fa. Alas! we are, in general, little judges which of the parties has the most mischievous intentions. Commonly, they are both in the wrong, and success will make both of them unjust and unreasonable. But putting this out of the question, he who rejoices in the event of a battle, rejoices in the misery of many thousands of his species; and the thought of that should make him pause a little. Suppose a surgeon were to come with a smiling countenance, and tells us triumphantly that he had cut off half a dozen legs to-day, what would we think of him?

Os. I should think him very hardhearted.

Fa. And yet those operations are done for the benefit of the sufferers, and by their own desire. But in a battle, the probability is, that none of those engaged on either side have any interest at all in the cause they are fighting for, and most of them come there because they cannot help it. In this battle, that the people are rejoicing about, there have been ten thousand men killed on the spot, and nearly as many wounded.

Os. On both sides?

Fa. Yes, but they are *men* on both sides. Consider now, that the ten thousand sent out of the world in this morning's work, have left probably two persons each, on an average, to lament their loss, parents, wives, or children. Here are then twenty thousand people made unhappy, at one stroke on their account. This, however, is hardly so dreadful to think of, as the condition of the wounded. At the moment we are talking, eight or ten thousand more are lying in agony, torn with shot, or gashed with cuts, their wounds all festering, some hourly to die a most excruciating death, others to

linger in torture weeks and months, and many doomed to drag on a miserable existence for the rest of their lives, with diseased and mutilated bodies.

Os. This is shocking to think of, indeed!

Fa. When the candles, then, are lighted this evening, *think what they cost.*

Os. But everybody else is glad, and seems to think nothing of these things.

Fa. True, they do *not* think of them. If they did, I cannot suppose they would be so void of feeling as to enjoy themselves in merriment, when so many of their fellow-creatures are made miserable. Here are thousands suffering, and we scarce bestow a single thought on them. If any one of these poor creatures were before our eyes, we should probably feel much more than we do now for them altogether.

Be kind to each other.—C. SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone;
Then 'midst our dejections,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness,—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!—

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;

But deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling.
Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

Peat Mosses.

Extensive forests, occupying a long tract of tolerably level ground, have been gradually destroyed by natural decay, accelerated by the increase of the bogs. The wood which they might have produced, was useless to the proprietors; the state of the roads, as well as of the country in general, not permitting so bulky and weighty an article to be carried from the place where it had grown, however valuable it might have proved had it been transferred elsewhere. In this situation, the trees of the natural forest pined and withered, and were thrown down with the wind; and it often necessarily happened, that they fell into, or across, some little stream or rivulet, by the side of which they had flourished and decayed. The stream being stopt, saturated with standing water the soil around it; and instead of being, as hitherto, the drain of the forest, the stagnation of the rivulet converted into a swamp, what its current had formerly rendered dry. The loose bog-earth, and the sour moisture with which it was impregnated, loosened and poisoned the roots of other neighbouring trees, which, at the next storm, went to the ground in their turn, and tended still more to impede the current of the water; while the accumulating moss, as the bog-earth is called in Scotland, went on increasing and heaving up, so as to bury the trunks of the trees which it had destroyed. In the counties of Inverness and Ross, instances may be seen, at the present day, where the melancholy process of the conversion of a forest into a bog, is still going forward.

When a peat-bog or moss has begun to form, there is no limit to its increase, save the pressure of the water which it contains. In part of Ireland, extending from the county of Cavan to that of Kildare, a bog occupies he summit level of the mountains, and is, in some places, at least fifty feet in thickness; and though there be partial islands of more firm soil in the extent of it, the highest grounds are composed of peat. In many parts of Scotland, too, the bogs occupy the summit levels, and are found, with a river flowing from one extremity to the eastern sea, and from the other to the western.

When these bogs are situated high, and have their surfaces sloping, they are comparatively compact, though at a little distance from the surface, they always contain a great deal of moisture. But when they are on less elevated situations, and the surface is partially covered with grass, they are often of very soft consistence below, while the grass forms a tough skin on the surface. In Ireland, these are called moving bogs, and in Scotland, quaking mosses. They are very perilous to travellers, and cannot, in general, be pastured by cattle.

In seasons which are very rainy, those bogs are apt to imbibe a greater portion of moisture than the surface can retain; but as the surface is not of a kind through which the water can percolate and escape quickly, a disruption takes place; and when, which is by no means unfrequently the case, the bog is situated on a base higher than the adjoining cultivated fields, it bursts, and covers them with a black deluge.

These burstings, or motions of bogs, are by no means unfrequent in Ireland, where there have been some of very recent occurrence; but one of the most singular, is that of the disruption of the Solway moss, on the confines of England and Scotland, which took place on the 16th of Twelfth month, 1772.

The Solway moss occupied an extent of about thirteen hundred acres, had a comparatively tough surface or covering, but was very soft beneath, and vibrated very much when trod upon. So dangerous was its surface, that a number of the army of Sinclair, in the time of

Henry VIII., were lost in it, more especially those who were on horseback; and it is said, that the skeleton of a trooper and his horse, and the armour of the rider, were found, not long before the disruption of the moss. The Solway moss stretched along an eminence, varying in height from fifty to eighty feet, above the fertile plain which lay between it and the river Esk. The centre of the surface was comparatively flat, and consisted of very loose quagmires, interspersed with hammocks of coarse grass. Previous to the 16th of Twelfth month, there had been very heavy rains, and the waters accumulated from their not being able to find vent. The surface rose, till the pressure of the water became too great for its strength, and then it burst with considerable noise, and descended into the plain, carrying ruin wherever it went. The time of the bursting was about eleven at night on the 15th, and the inhabitants of the farms and hamlets that were nearest to the moss, were surprised in their beds by the unexpected visiter.

In the rate of its progress, the eruption of this moss resembled those of the lavas of Etna and Vesuvius, which, when in a half consolidated state, creep over the plains, and cover them with ruin. In consequence of the slowness of its motion, no lives were lost, but many of the people escaped with difficulty. It is much more easy to imagine than to describe, the consternation into which the poor inhabitants of Eskdale were thrown by this event. They were a simple, rustic people, not a little superstitious, and, therefore, when the dark and semi-fluid mass began to crawl along their plains, awakening them from their sleep by its invasion, they could not but be alarmed. The attempts to escape from the houses led to new alarms; for, when the door was opened, a torrent was ready to enter: and they to whom the visitation first came, were, both from that visitation itself, and from ignorance of its real cause, in very great consternation. They, however, spread the alarm; and driving their cattle before them, and carrying their children and the most valuable and portable of their household articles, they roused their neighbours as they went. But though the people themselves, and generally

speaking, their cattle escaped, they were, for the most part, obliged to leave their corn to be buried under the black deluge. When the morning dawned, the appearance of their homes was sadly changed. Instead of fields, and little hedge rows, and cottage gardens, with all the other interesting features of a rich and rural country, there was one black waste of peat-earth. Some of the cottages had totally disappeared, others presented only the roof, the eaves of which were at least eight feet from the ground. When first seen, the extent that the moss covered, was not less than two hundred acres. Successive torrents of rain that fell afterwards, augmented the mischief, till ultimately the whole surface covered extended to at least four hundred acres. The higher parts of the moss had subsided to the depth of about twenty-five feet, and the height of the moss on the lowest parts of the country which it had invaded, was at least fifteen feet.

Land and Soldier Crabs.—J. D. GODMAN.

The land crab, which is common to many of the West India islands, is more generally known as the Jamaica crab, because it has been most frequently described from observation in that island. Wherever found, they have the habit of living, during great part of the year, in the highlands, where they pass the day time, concealed in huts, cavities, and under stones, and come out at night for their food. They are remarkable, for collecting in vast bodies, and marching annually to the sea side, in order to deposit their eggs in the sand; and this accomplished, they return to their former abodes, if undisturbed. They commence their march in the night, and move in the most direct line towards the destined point. So obstinately do they pursue this route, that they will not turn out of it for any obstacle that can possibly be surmounted. During the day time, they skulk and lie hid as closely as possible, but thousands upon thousands of them are taken for the use of the table by whites and

blacks, as on their seaward march they are very fat and of fine flavour. On the homeward journey, they are weak, exhausted, and unfit for use. One species of crab was a source of much annoyance to me at first, and of considerable interest afterwards, from the observation of its habits. At that time, I resided in a house delightfully situated, about two hundred yards from the sea, fronting the setting sun; having, in clear weather, the lofty mountains of Porto Rico, distant about eighty miles, in view. Like most of the houses in the island, ours had seen better days, as was evident from various breaks in the floors, angles rotted off the doors, sunken sills, and other indications of decay. Our sleeping room, which was on the lower floor, was especially in this condition; but as the weather was delightfully warm, a few cracks and openings, though rather large, did not threaten much inconvenience. Our bed was provided with that indispensable accompaniment, a musquito bar or curtain, to which we were indebted for escape from various annoyances. Scarcely had we extinguished the light, and composed ourselves to rest, when we heard, in various parts of the room, the most startling noises. It appeared as if numerous hard and heavy bodies were trailed along the floor; then they sounded as if climbing up by the chairs and other furniture; and, frequently, something like a large stone would tumble down from such elevations with a loud noise, followed by a peculiar chirping sound. What an effect this produced upon entirely inexperienced strangers, may well be imagined by those who have been suddenly waked up in the dark, by some unaccountable noise in the room. Finally, these invaders began to ascend the bed; but happily the musquito bar was securely tucked under the bed all around, and they were denied access, though their efforts and tumbles to the floor produced no very comfortable reflections. Towards day-light, they began to retire, and in the morning no trace of any such visitants could be perceived. On mentioning our troubles, we were told that this nocturnal disturber was only Bernard the Hermit, called generally, the soldier crab, perhaps from the peculiar habit he has

of protecting his body by thrusting it into an empty shell, which he afterwards carries about until he outgrows it, when it is relinquished for a larger. Not choosing to pass another night quite so noisily, due care was taken to exclude Monsieur Bernard, whose knockings were thenceforward confined to the outside of the house. I baited a large wire rat-trap with some corn meal, and placed it outside of the back door, and in the morning, found it literally half filled with these crabs, from the largest sized shell that could enter the trap, down to such as were not larger than a hickory nut. Here was a fine collection made at once, affording a very considerable variety in the size and age of the specimens, and the different shells into which they had introduced themselves.

The soldier, or hermit crab, when withdrawn from his adopted shell, presents about the head and claws, a considerable family resemblance to the lobster. The claws, however, are very short and broad, and the body covered with hard shell only in that part which is liable to be exposed or protruded. The posterior or abdominal part of the body, is covered only by a tough skin, and tapers towards a small extremity, furnished with a sort of hook-like apparatus, enabling it to hold on to its factitious dwelling. Along the surface of its abdomen, as well as on the back, there are small projections, apparently intended for the same purpose. When once fairly in possession of a shell, it would be quite a difficult matter to pull the crab out, though a very little heat applied to the shell, will quickly induce him to leave it. The shells they select are taken solely with reference to their suitableness, and hence you may catch a considerable number of the same species, each of which is in a different species or genus of shell. The shells commonly used by them, when of larger size, are those of the whilk, which are much used as an article of food by the islanders, or the smaller conch shells. The very young hermit crabs are found in almost every variety of small shell found on the shores of the Antilles. I have frequently been amused by women, eagerly engaged in making collections of these beautiful little

shells, and not dreaming of their being tenanted by a living animal, suddenly startled, on displaying their acquisitions, by observing them to be actively endeavouring to escape; or on introducing the hand into the reticule to produce a particular fine specimen, to receive a smart pinch from the claws of the little hermit. The instant the shell is closely approached or touched, they withdraw as deeply into the shell as possible, and the small ones readily escape observation, but they soon become impatient of captivity, and try to make off. The species of this genus are very numerous, and during the first part of their lives are all aquatic. That is, they are hatched in the little pools about the margin of the sea, and remain there, until those that are destined to live on land are stout enough to commence their travels. The hermit crabs, which are altogether aquatic, are by no means so careful to choose the lightest and thinnest shells, as the land troops. The aquatic soldiers may be seen towing along shells of most disproportionate size; but their relatives, who travel over the hills by moonlight, know that all unnecessary incumbrance of weight should be avoided. These soldier crabs feed on a great variety of substances, scarcely refusing anything that is edible; like the family they belong to, they have a decided partiality for putrid meats, and the planters accuse them also of too great a fondness for the sugar cane. Their excursions are altogether nocturnal. In the day time, they lie concealed very effectually in small holes, among stones, or any kind of rubbish, and are rarely taken notice of, even where hundreds are within a short distance of each other. The larger soldier crabs are sometimes eaten by the blacks, but they are not much sought after even by them, as they are generally regarded with aversion and prejudice. There is no reason, that we are aware of, why they should not be as good as many other crabs, but they certainly are not equally esteemed.

Recollections on Retiring to Rest.—BENTHAM.

It is good, when we lay on the pillow our head,
And the silence of night all around us is spread,
To reflect on the deeds we have done in the day,
Nor allow it to pass without profit away.

A day—what a trifle—and yet the amount
Of the days we have passed, forms an awful account;
And the time may arrive, when the world we would give,
Were it ours, might we have but another to live.

In whose service have we, through the day, been employed,
And what are the pleasures we mostly enjoyed?
Our desires and our wishes, to what did they tend—
To the world we are in, or the world without end?

Hath the sense of His presence encompassed us round,
Without whom, not a sparrow can fall to the ground?
Have our hearts turned to Him with devotion most true,
Or been occupied only with things that we view?

Have we often reflected, how soon we must go
To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of wo?
Have we felt unto God a repentance sincere,
And in faith, to the Saviour of sinners drawn near?

Let us thus, with ourselves, solemn conference hold,
Ere sleep's silken mantle our senses enfold;
And forgiveness implore for the sins of the day,
Nor allow them to pass unrepented away.

Loss of the Whale-Ship Essex.

The loss of the whaler Essex, of Nantucket, is one of the most remarkable in the history of the Sperm Whale Fishery. A narrative of that event by Owen

Chase, mate of the ship, gives a vivid description of the terrific catastrophe. "I observed," says he, "a very large spermaceti whale, as well as I can judge, about eighty-five feet in length. He broke water about twenty rods off our weather bow, and was lying quietly with his head in a direction for the ship. He spouted two or three times, and then disappeared. In a few seconds he came up again, about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots. The ship was then going with about the same velocity. His appearance and attitude gave us at first no alarm; but while I stood watching his movement, and observing him but a ship's length off, coming down for us with great celerity, I involuntarily ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came down upon us at full speed, and struck the ship with his head just forward of the forechains. He gave us such an appalling and tremendous jar, as nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly and violently as if she had struck a rock, and trembled like a leaf. We looked at each other in amazement, deprived almost of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident, during which time, he passed under the ship, grazing her keel as he went along, came up alongside her to leeward, and lay on the top of the water, apparently stunned with the violence of the blow, for the space of a minute. He then suddenly started off in a direction to leeward. After a few moments reflection, and recovering in some measure from the consternation that had seized us, I of course concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the pumps agoing. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than one minute, before I perceived the head of the ship to be gradually settling down in the water. I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats—at that time in pursuit of whales—which I had scarcely despatched, before I again discovered the whale apparently in convulsions, on the top of the water, about

one hundred rods to the leeward. He was enveloped in the foam, that his continued and violent threshing about in the water had created around him, and I could distinctly see him smite his jaws together, as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then started off with great velocity across the bows of the ship to windward. By this time, the ship had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up as lost. I, however, ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going, and endeavoured to collect my thoughts for the occasion. I turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship, with an intention of clearing them away, and getting all things ready to embark in them, if there should be no other resource left. While my intention was thus engaged for a moment, I was roused by the cry of the man at the hatchway, 'Here he is—he is making for us again!' I turned round, and saw the whale about one hundred rods directly ahead of us, coming down with apparently twice his ordinary speed. The surf flew in all directions, and his course towards us was marked by a white foam of a rod in width, which he made with a continual violent threshing of his tail. His head was about half out of the water, and in that way he came upon, and again struck the ship. I was in hopes, when I descried him making for us, that by putting the ship away immediately, I should be able to cross the line of his approach before he could get up to us, and thus avoid, what I knew, if he should strike us again, would be our inevitable destruction. I called out to the helmsman, 'hard up,' but she had not fallen off more than a point before we took the second shock. I should judge the speed of the ship at this time, to have been about three knots, and that of the whale about six. He struck her to windward, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him."

This dreadful disaster occurred near the equator, at the distance of a thousand miles from land. With the scanty provisions and equipments they could save from the foundering wreck, twenty men embarked in three

slender whale-boats upon the mighty ocean to buffet its surging billows, with the desperate chance of being picked up by some cruiser before reaching land, which lay at such a distance, as almost to forbid a rational hope of success. One boat was never heard of afterwards, and was probably lost; the crews of the others after experiencing extreme misery, were picked up at sea by different ships, nearly two thousand miles from the scene of the disaster.

Inundation of a Mine.—HISTORY OF FOSSIL FUEL.

On the 20th of the Sixth month, 1833, while two men were engaged in fishing on the banks of the river Garnock, in Scotland, an agitation took place in the current of the river, nearly opposite to where they were standing, which they at first supposed to be occasioned by the leap of a salmon; but the gurgling motion which succeeded, led them to suppose that the river had broken into the coal mines that surrounded the place on which they stood. They immediately hastened to the nearest pit-mouth, and stated their suspicions; which the pit headman at first was slow to believe, and it was only after they had strongly remonstrated with him, that he prepared to avert the danger. By this time, however, the men below had heard the rushing forward of the water, and were making the best of their way to the bottom of the shaft; but before they had reached it several were up to their necks in water, and if they had been a few minutes later, it is believed every one of them would have been drowned. As soon as they were out of the pits, the manager of the works assembled all his men at the cavity in the bed of the river, over which they placed a coal-lighter laden with such things as they thought calculated to stop the rush of the water, as straw, whins, clay, &c. All their efforts, however, proved unavailing, for the water continued to pour into the mines without obstruction, producing comparatively

very little agitation on the surface of the river until the following afternoon, when a tremendously large space broke down, which in a short time engulphed the whole body of the stream, leaving the bed of the river nearly dry for more than a mile on each side of the aperture, where there had previously been a depth of fully six feet. At this time, the fishes in the channel were seen leaping about in every direction. On the flowing of the tide, the depth of the water, between the chasm and the sea, increased to about nine feet, and the quantity of water rushing into the chasm was proportionably augmented. Three men who were in a boat near the spot, had a very narrow escape from being sucked into the vortex, and no sooner had they got out, than the boat was drawn down with fearful rapidity. A great body of water continued to pour down the chasm, until the whole workings of the pits, which extend for many miles, were completely filled; after which the river gradually assumed its natural appearance, and the water attained its ordinary level. At this time, the pressure in the pits became so great from the immense weight of water in them, that the confined air, which had been forced back into the high workings, burst through the surface of the earth in a thousand places, and many acres of ground were to be seen bubbling up like the boiling of a cauldron. In some places, the escape of the current of air was so impetuous, as to form cavities four or five feet in diameter, producing a roaring noise, like the escape of steam from an overcharged boiler. Immense quantities of sand and water were thrown up, like showers of rain, during five hours. By this calamity, several mines were laid under water, and from five to six hundred men, women and children deprived of employment.

The Battle of Blenheim.—SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,

And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

The Cane.

Every one has seen this reed in the form in which it is used for angling rods. It grows on the lower courses

of the Mississippi, Arkansas, and Red River, from fifteen to thirty feet in height. I have seen some, in these rich soils, that would almost vie in size with the bamboo. The leaves are of a beautiful green—long, narrow, and dagger-shaped, not unlike those of Egyptian millet. It grows in equidistant joints, perfectly straight, almost a compact mass; and in winter especially, it is the richest looking vegetation that I have ever seen. The smallest sparrow would find it difficult to fly among it; and to see its ten thousand stems rising almost contiguous to each other, and to look at the impervious roof of verdure which it forms at its top, it has the aspect of being a solid layer of vegetation. A man could not make three miles in a day through a thick cane brake. It is the chosen resort of bears and panthers, which break it down, and make their way into it as a retreat from man. It indicates a dry soil above the inundation, and of the richest character. The ground is never in better preparation for maize, than after this prodigious mass of vegetation is first cut down and burned. When the cane has been cut, and is so dried that it will burn, it is an amusement of holiday to the negroes, to set fire to a cane brake thus prepared. The rarefied air in the hollow compartments of the cane, bursts them, with a report not much inferior to a discharge of musketry; and the burning of a cane brake makes a noise as of a conflicting army, in which thousands of muskets are continually discharging. This beautiful vegetation is generally asserted to have a life of five years, at the end of which period, if it has grown undisturbed, it produces an abundant crop of seed, with heads very like those of broom corn. The seeds are farinaceous, and said to be not much inferior to wheat. They have been occasionally used as an article of food by the Indians and the first settlers. No prospect so impressively shows the exuberant prodigality of nature, as a thick cane-brake. Nothing in this country affords such a rich and perennial range for cattle, sheep and horses. The butter that is made from the cane pastures of this region, is of the finest kind. The seed easily vegetates in any rich soil. It rises from the

ground like the richest asparagus, with a large succulent stem; and it grows six feet high before this succulency and tenderness harden to wood.

Fowling in the Faroe Islands.

The Faroe Islands are situated in the north Atlantic ocean, and belong to Denmark. The shores are so steep, that in many of the islands there is no convenient landing place. Boats are drawn up precipitous banks by ropes and pulleys; and a ship of large burden may lie close to a wall of rock, from one to two thousand feet in height, on either side, where the strait between is so narrow, that she can only be towed or warped onwards or outwards, as alongside a wharf. In some situations, the cliffs present stupendous basaltic pillars, to which those of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway are pigmies. More commonly, the precipices are broken into narrow terraces, overhanging crags, and gloomy recesses, tenanted by myriads of sea-fowl, whose incessant motions and shrill echoing cries, give variety and animation to scenes otherwise desolate in their sublimity.

Among these dizzy scenes, the fowler pursues his hazardous avocation. The eggs and flesh of the sea-fowl are an important part of the food of the Faroese, and the feathers a profitable article of exportation.

The manner of taking the birds from the precipices is thus described:—"The fowler is let down from the top of the cliff by a rope about three inches thick, which is fastened to a broad woollen band on which he sits. The adventurer soon loses sight of his companions, and can only communicate with them by a small line attached to his body. When he reaches the terraces, often not more than a foot broad, he frees himself from the rope, attaches it to a stone, and commences his pursuit of the feathery natives. Where the nests are in a hollow of the rock, the bird-catcher, while

still suspended, gives himself a swinging motion by means of his pole, till the vibration carries him so close that he can get footing on the rock. He can communicate to himself a swing of thirty or forty feet; but when the shelf lies deeper back, another rope is let down to his associates in a boat, who can thus give him a swing of one hundred, or one hundred and twenty feet. The Faroese talk with rapture of their sensations while thus suspended between sea and sky, swinging to and fro by what would seem a frail link, when human life is concerned. Individuals, provided with a small supply of food, will often cause themselves to be lowered to some recess, where the overhanging cliff gives shelter from above, and a platform of a few square feet scarce affords sufficient resting place; and here, sometimes for a fortnight, and even three weeks together, will the adventurer remain alone, scrambling from crag to crag, collecting birds from the nests, or catching them as they fly past him, with his fowling-pole and net, till he has filled his bags with their slaughtered bodies, or their feathers.

We have said that the fowlers are lowered from above, and manage to get stationed on some shelf or ledge of rock, frequently beneath an overhanging crag, where they disengage themselves from the rope, and proceed to their employment. On one occasion, a young man having secured his footing on the flat rock, by some accident lost his hold of the rope, to which was also attached his signal line. The rope, he had the agony to see, after a few pendulous swings, settle perpendicularly, utterly *beyond his reach*. When the first emotions of surprise were over, he sat down to consider what he could do. His friends above, he knew, after waiting the usual time, would draw up the rope, and finding him not there, would conclude he had perished; or should they, by the same method, descend to seek him, they might fail to discover the secret recess he had chosen.

More than once the temptation rushed on his mind, of ending his distraction and suspense by leaping into the abyss. But the temporary panic passed away; he

raised his thoughts to the guardian care of Omnipotence; and, calmed and reassured, he trusted some mode of deliverance would present itself. To this end, he more particularly scanned his limited resting-place. It was a rocky shelf, about eight feet wide, and gradually narrowing, till it met the extended precipice, where not the foot of a gull could rest; at the other extremity, it terminated in an abrupt descent of hundreds of feet; at the back, was a smooth and slippery wall of rock; and above, was a beetling crag, overarching the place where he stood, outside of which depended his only safety—his rope. Every way he moved, carefully examining and attempting each possible mode of egress from his singular prison-house. He found none. There remained, so far as his own efforts were concerned, but one means of escape, and that was, to endeavour to reach the rope. By means of his long pole, he attempted to bring it to his hand. Long he tried; but he tried in vain; he could hardly touch it with the end of the stick, and other appliances; but no ingenuity could serve to hook it fast. Should he, then, leap from the rock and endeavour to catch it as he sprung? Was there any hope he could succeed, or, catching, could he sustain his hold till drawn to the top? One fervent prayer for agility, courage, and strength, and with a steady eye, and outstretched hand, he made the spring! We could not say the exact distance—it was many feet—but he caught the rope, first with one hand, and in the next moment with the other. It slipped through, peeling the skin from his palms; but the knot towards the loops at the end stopped his impetus, and he felt he could hold fast for a time. He made the usual signal urgently, and was drawn upwards as rapidly as possible. He reached the top, and instantly prostrated himself on the turf, and commenced returning aloud to the Almighty, his fervent thanksgivings, a few words of which had hardly escaped his lips, when he sunk into temporary insensibility.

Having once told his tale, he never would again be prevailed on to recur to the subject; nor did he ever approach in the direction of the cliff, from which he

had descended, without turning shudderingly away from a spot associated with a trial so severe.

The Flying Fish and Dolphin.

Perhaps there is not any more characteristic evidence of our being within the tropical regions,—one, I mean, which strikes the imagination more forcibly,—than the company of those picturesque little animals, the flying-fish. It is true, that a stray one or two may sometimes be seen far north, making a few short skips out of the water; and I even remember seeing several close to the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in latitude 45°. These, however, had been swept out of their natural position by the huge Gulf-stream, an ocean in itself, which retains much of its temperature far into the northern regions, and possibly helps to modify the climate over the Atlantic. But it is not until the voyager has fairly reached the heart of the torrid zone, that he sees the flying-fish in perfection.

No familiarity with the sight can ever render us indifferent to the graceful flight of these most interesting of all the finny tribe. I have, indeed, hardly ever observed a person so dull or so unimaginative, that his eye did not glisten as he watched a shoal of flying fish rise from the sea, and skim along for several hundred yards. There is something in it so very peculiar, so totally dissimilar to every thing else, in other parts of the world, that our wonder goes on increasing every time we see even a single one take its flight. The incredulity, indeed, of the old Scotch wife on this head, is sufficiently excusable. "You may hae seen rivers o' milk, and mountains o' sugar," said she to her son, returned from a voyage, "but you'll ne'er gar me believe you have seen a fish that could flee!"

While we were stealing along under the genial influence of a light breeze, which, as yet, was confined to the upper sails, and every one was looking open-mouthed

to the eastward, to catch a gulp of cool air, about a dozen flying-fish rose out of the water, just under the fore chains, and skimmed away to windward at the height of ten or twelve feet above the surface.

A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather-gangway, at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor, dear little friends take wing, then he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with astonishing velocity. The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner, the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles was sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; the breeze, although enough to set the royals and topgallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below. The group of wretched flying-fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it, —at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe, that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying, but too obviously, that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrific pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as their's—poor little things! and whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be

seen, that their strength and confidence were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see that the skilful sea-sportsman arranged all his springs, with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying-fish were about to drop! Sometimes, this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high in the rigging, we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws, as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards.

Escape from a Lion.

The following narrative is extracted from the journal of a resident in Southern Africa:

In the latter part of the year 1829, a Hottentot went out on a hunting excursion, accompanied by several other natives. Arriving on an extensive plain, where there was abundance of game, they discovered a number of lions also, which appeared to be disturbed by their approach. A prodigiously large male immediately separated himself from the troop, and began slowly to advance towards the party, the majority of whom were young, and unaccustomed to rencontres of so formidable a nature. When droves of timid antelopes, or springboks only, came in their way, they made a great boast of their courage, but the very appearance of the forest's king made them tremble. While the animal was yet at a distance, they all dismounted, to prepare for firing, and, according to the custom on such occasions, began tying their horses together by means of their bridles, with the view of keeping the latter between them and

the lion, as an object to attract his attention until they were able to take deliberate aim. His movements, however, were at length too swift for them. Before the horses were properly fastened to each other, the monster made a tremendous bound or two, and suddenly pounced upon the hind parts of one of them, which, in its fright, plunged forward and knocked down the poor man in question, who was holding the reins in his hand. His comrades instantly took to flight, and ran off with all speed; and he, of course, rose as quickly as possible, in order to follow them. But no sooner had he regained his feet, than the majestic beast, with a seeming consciousness of his superior might, stretched forth his paw, and striking him just behind the neck, immediately brought him to the ground again. He then rolled on his back, when the lion set his foot upon his breast, and laid down upon him. The poor man now became almost breathless, partly from fear, but principally from the intolerable pressure of his terrific load. He endeavoured to move a little to one side, in order to breathe; but feeling this, the creature seized his left arm, close to his elbow; and after having once laid hold with his teeth, he continued to amuse himself with the limb for some time, biting it in sundry different places down to the hand, the thick part of which seemed to have been pierced entirely through. All the time the lion did not appear to be angry, but he merely caught at his prey, like a cat sporting with a mouse that is not quite dead; so that there was not a single bone fractured, as would in all probability have been the case, had the creature been angry or irritated. Whilst writhing in agony, gasping for breath, and expecting every moment to be torn limb from limb, the sufferer cried to his companions for assistance, but cried in vain. On raising his head a little, the beast opened his dreadful jaws to receive it, but providentially the hat, which I saw in its rent state, slipped off, so that the points of the teeth only just grazed the surface of the skull. The lion now set his feet upon the arm, from which the blood was freely flowing; his paw was soon covered therewith, and he again and again licked it

clean! But this was not the worst; for the animal then steadily fixed his flaming eyes upon those of the man, smelt on one side, and then on the other, of his face; and, having tasted of the blood, he appeared to have inclined to devour his helpless victim. "At this critical moment," said the poor man, "I recollected that there is a God in the heavens, who is able to deliver at the very last extremity; and I began to pray that he would save me, and not allow the lion to eat my flesh and drink my blood." Whilst thus engaged in calling upon God, the beast turned himself completely round. On perceiving this, the Hottentot made an effort to get from under him; but no sooner did the creature observe his movements, than he laid terrible hold of his right thigh. This wound was dreadfully deep, and evidently occasioned the sufferer most excruciating pain. He again sent up his cry to God for help; nor were his prayers in vain. The huge animal soon afterwards quietly relinquished his prey, though he had not been in the least interrupted. Having deliberately risen from his seat, he walked majestically off to the distance of thirty or forty paces, and then laid down in the grass, as if for the purpose of watching the man. The latter being relieved of his load, ventured to sit up, which circumstance immediately attracted the lion's attention; nevertheless, it did not induce another attack, as the poor fellow naturally expected; but, as if bereft of power, and unable to do any thing more, he again arose, took his departure, and was seen no more. The man, seeing this, took up his gun, and hastened away to his terrified companions, who had given him up for dead. Being in a state of extreme exhaustion from loss of blood, he was immediately set upon his horse, and brought as soon as was practicable, to the place where I found him.

Dr. Gaulter, being stationed at a military post in the neighbourhood, and hearing of the case, hastened to his relief, and rendered him all necessary assistance. The appearance of the wounds was truly alarming, and amputation of the arm seemed absolutely necessary. To this, however, the patient was not willing to consent, having a number of young children, whose subsistence

depended upon his labour. "As the Almighty had delivered me," said he, "from that horrid death, I thought, surely he is able to save my arm also." And, astonishing to relate, several of the wounds are already healed, and there is now hope of his complete recovery.

The Pebble and the Acorn.—H. F. Gould.

"I am a pebble, and yield to none,"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone:
"Nor change nor season can alter me,
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or to touch my heart, but it has not felt.

"The children of men arise and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight and under the sod!
I am a pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low;
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone—
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,

Abashed, I will cover my head with dust;
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor seasons, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel."
And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

But it was not long ere that soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak;
And as it arose, and its branches spread,
The pebble looked up, and wondering, said—
"A modest acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell—
That the pride of the forest was then shut up
Within the space of her little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth;
And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire that beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I.
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Can show the purpose for which I've been!"
The pebble could not its promise forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

Mackerel Fishing.

The master of the mackerel vessel, after reaching some well known resort of the fish, furls all his sails, except the main-sail, brings his vessel's bows to the wind, ranges his crew at proper intervals along one of her sides, and without a mackerel in sight, attempts to raise a *school* or *shoal*, by throwing over bait. If he

succeeds to his wishes, a scene ensues which can hardly be described, but which it were worth a trip to the fishing-ground to witness. We have heard more than one fisherman say, that he had caught sixty mackerel in a ainute; and when he was told, that, at that rate, he had taken thirty-six hundred in an hour, and that, with another person as expert, he would catch a whole fare in a single day, he would reject the figures, as proving nothing beyond a wish to undervalue his skill. Certain it is, that some active young men will haul in and jerk off a fish, and throw out the line for another, with a single motion; and repeat the act, in so rapid succession, that their arms seem continually on the swing. To be *high-line** is an object of earnest desire among the ambitious; and the muscular ease, the precision and adroitness of movement, which such men exhibit in the strife, are admirable. While the *school* remains alongside, and will take the hook, the excitement of the men, and the rushing noise of the fish in their beautiful and manifold evolutions in the water, arrest the attention of the most careless observer. Oftentimes the fishing ceases in a moment, and as if put an end to by magic; the fish, according to the fishermen's conceit, panic-stricken by the dreadful havoc among them, suddenly disappear from sight.

Eight, ten, and even twelve thousand have been caught, and must now be "dressed down." This process covers the persons of the crew, the deck, the tubs, and every thing near, with blood and garbage; and as it is often performed in darkness and weariness, and under the reaction of overtasked nerves, the novice, and the gentleman or amateur fisher, who hitherto had seen and participated in nothing but keen sport, become disgusted. They ought to remember, that in the recreations of manhood, as in those of youth, the toil of hauling the hand-sled up hill, is, generally, in proportion to the steepness and slipperiness which give the pleasurable velocity down.

The approach of night, or the disappearance of the mackerel, closing all labour with the hook and line;

* To catch the greatest number of fish.

the fish, as they are dressed, are thrown into casks of water, to rid them of blood. The deck is then cleared and washed; the mainsail is hauled down, and the foresail is hoisted in its stead; a lanthern is placed in the rigging; a watch is set to salt the fish, and keep a look out for the night; and the master and the remainder of the crew, at a late hour, seek repose. The earliest gleams of light finds the anxious master awake, hurrying forward preparations for the morning's meal, and making other arrangements for the renewal of the previous day's work. But the means which were so successful then, fail now, and perhaps for days to come; for the capricious creatures will not take the hook, nor can all the art of the most sagacious and experienced induce them to bite. Repeating, however, the operations which we have described, from time to time, and until a load has been obtained, or until the master becomes discouraged, or his provisions are consumed, the vessel returns to port, and hauls in at the inspector's wharf, where the fish, many or few, are landed, sorted into three qualities, weighed, re-packed, re-salted, and re-pickled. In two or three days she is refitted, and on her way to the fishing-ground.

A Norman Pilot and his Family.

"In the night of the 21st of Eighth month, 1777, in a most tremendous storm, a vessel attempted to run into the harbour of Dieppe. Boussard, the pilot, who was never missing when the tempest raged, was on the pier, and seeing that the captain of the ship made several false manœuvres, he called to him with his speaking trumpet, directing him what to do, and strove, by gestures to render himself intelligible. Owing to the storm and the darkness, his efforts proved unavailing, and the ship struck about thirty fathoms from the pier. Everybody, excepting Boussard, gave up the crew for lost. Determined to save them, he was going to tie a rope around his body, in order to carry it to the ship;

but his wife and children, and his friends, surrounded and besought him not to rush uselessly into certain destruction. Boussard, listening only to the voice of humanity, at length prevailed upon the bystanders to take home his wife and children. Having tied one end of the rope around him, and fastened the other end to the pier, he plunged into the sea. Twenty times did the waves hurl him back upon the beach, and as often did he plunge again into the raging billows. A fresh wave flung him towards the ship, and he disappeared beneath her. There was a general cry of horror. But he had only dived to lay hold of a sailor, which the sea had swept from the deck, and whom he contrived to take senseless to the shore. A last attempt to reach the ship proved successful; he climbed her side, and conveyed to the crew the rope by which they were drawn ashore one after another. Exhausted with his exertions, he was conducted by his friends to the nearest house. But he had not yet finished his work. A gust of wind wafted to the shore the cry of a passenger who had been left behind, and Boussard soon learned that there was another fellow creature to save. He felt his strength renewed, and, before those about him were aware, he had rushed out of the house, plunged again into the sea, and was battling with the same difficulties which he had before encountered, and which he overcame with the like success. The passenger was saved. Louis XVI. made him a present of a thousand francs, and settled on him a pension of three hundred. He was appointed keeper of the pier light-house—an office which has ever since been held by his family, descending from father to son; and not a year has passed unmarked by deeds worthy of the first possessor. Close to the parapet of the pier of Dieppe, is a pole covered with copper, to which is fastened a chain. Here, in every storm since 1777, whether in the night or in the day, a Boussard has taken his station, clinging to the chain, and served as a warning voice to those whom danger and the tempestuous sea pursued into the harbour. And, though the waves broke over him—though they washed him from his post of honour—rising from

their bosom, he would again give advice with his speaking trumpet, in defiance of the sea and its efforts.

Religion's Name Perverted.—T. H. Bailey.

Too oft in pure Religion's name
Hath human blood been spilt;
And Pride hath claimed a Patriot's fame,
To crown a deed of guilt!
Oh! look not on the field of blood—
Religion is not *there;*—
Her battle-field is solitude,—
Her only watchword, Prayer!

George Phillpotts, the Deal Boatman.

The Goodwin sands are near the coast of Kent, in the south-eastern part of England. They are a dangerous obstruction to navigation, for many vessels have been wrecked upon them, and hundreds of lives lost. The Deal boatmen, who live upon the shore adjacent, procure a well-earned livelihood by assisting ships which are in danger of being cast upon the sands. A writer, who visited the place to inquire into the condition of these men, gives the following account of his visit: "Having learnt that George Phillpotts was one of the most respectable, most experienced, as well as most daring of the Deal boatmen, we sent a messenger for him, and in about twenty minutes the door of our apartment opened, and in walked a short, clean-built, mild-looking old man, who, in a low tone of voice, very modestly observed that he had been informed we wished to speak with him.

"In answer to our queries, he stated that he was sixty-one years of age, and had been on the water ever since he was ten years old. He had himself saved, in

his lifetime, off the Goodwin sands, rather more than a hundred men and women. Nothing could be more creditable to human nature, nothing less arrogant, than the manly animation with which he exultingly described the various sets of fellow creatures, of all nations, he had saved from drowning. Yet on the contra side of his ledger he kept as faithfully recorded, the concluding history of those, whose vessels, it having been out of his power to approach, had foundered on the quicksands, only a few fathoms from his eyes. In one instance, he said, that as the ship went down, they suddenly congregated on the forecastle like a swarm of bees; their shrieks, as they altogether sunk into eternity, seemed still to be sounding in his ears.

"Once, after witnessing a scene of this sort, during a very heavy gale of wind, which had lasted three days, he stretched out to the southward, thinking that other vessels might be on the sands. As he was passing, at a great distance, a brig which had foundered two days before, with all hands on board, its masts being, however, still above water, he suddenly observed and exclaimed, that there was something 'like lumps' on the foremast, which seemed to move. He instantly bore down upon the wreck, and there found four sailors alive, lashed to the mast. With the greatest difficulty he and his crew saved them all. Their thirst (and he had nothing in the boat to give them), was, he said, quite dreadful. There had been with them a fifth man, but 'his heart had broken;' and his comrades seeing this, had managed to unlash him, and he fell into the breakers.

"In saving others, Phillpotts had more than once lost one or two of his own crew; and in one case he explained, with a tear standing in the corner of each eye, that he had lately put a couple of his men on board a vessel in distress, which in less than ten minutes was on the sands. His men, as well as the whole crew, were drowned before his eyes, all disappearing close to him. By inconsiderately pushing forward to save his comrades, his boat got between two banks of sand, the wind blowing so strong upon them that it was utterly impossible to get back. For some time the three men who

were with him insisted on trying to get out. 'But,' said Phillpotts, who was at the helm, 'I told 'em, my lads, we're only prolonging our misery, the sooner it's over the better!' The sea was breaking higher than a ship's mast over both banks, but they had nothing left but to steer right at their enemy.

"On approaching the bank, an immense wave to windward broke, and by the force of the tempest was carried completely over their heads; the sea itself seemed to pass over them. 'How we ever got over the bank,' said Phillpotts, who, for the first time in his narrative, seemed lost, confused, and incapable of expressing himself, 'I can tell no man!' After a considerable pause, he added, 'It was just God Almighty that saved us, and I shall always think so.'

"On the surface of the globe, there is no where to be found so inhospitable a desert as the 'wide blue sea.' At any distance from land, there is nothing in it that man can drink, and seldom any thing that he can eat. His tiny foot no sooner rests upon it, than he sinks into his grave; it grows neither flowers nor fruits; it offers monotony to the mind, and restless motion to the body. But though the situation of a vessel far out at sea, in a heavy gale of wind, appears indescribably terrific, yet its security is so great, that it is truly said ships seldom or ever founder in deep water, except from accident or inattention.

"It is not, therefore, from the ocean itself that man has so much to fear; but of all the terrors of this world, there are few greater than that of being on a lee-shore in a gale of wind, and in shallow water. On this account, it is natural enough that the fear of land is as strong in the sailor's heart as is his attachment to it; and when homeward bound, he day after day approaches his own latitude, his love and his fear of his native shores increase as the distance between them diminishes.

"In moments of calm and sunshine, the Deal boatmen stand listlessly on the shore, stagnant and dormant, like the ocean before them; but when every shop-keeper closes his door, when the old woman, with her umbrella turned inside out, feels that she must either lose it or go

with it into the air; when the reins of the mail-coachman are nearly blown from his hand, and his leaders have scarcely blood or breeding enough to face the storm; when the snow is drifting across the fields, seeking for a hedge-row against which it may sparkle and rest in peace; when whole families of the wealthy stop in their discourse to listen to the wind rumbling in their chimnies; when the sailor's wife, at her tea, hugs her infant to her arms, and looking at its father, silently thanks heaven that he is on shore,—THEN has the moment arrived for the Deal boatmen to contend, one against another, to see whose boat shall first be launched into the tremendous surf. As the declivity of the beach is very steep, and as the greased rollers over which the keel descends, are all placed ready for the attempt, they only wait a moment for what they call a "lull," and then cutting the rope, the bark, as gallantly as themselves, rushes to its native element. The difficulty of getting into deep water, sometimes amounts almost to an impossibility; but although some boats fail, others, with seven or eight men on board, are soon seen stretching across to that very point which one would think a seafaring man would most fearfully avoid—the Goodwin sands. To be even in the neighbourhood of such a spot in the stoutest vessel, and with the ablest crew that ever sailed, is a situation which Nelson himself would have striven to avoid; but these poor, nameless heroes are not only willing, but eager to go there in a hurricane in an open boat.

"It must be evident to our readers, that the Deal boatmen often incur these dangers without any remuneration, and in vain; and that half a dozen boats have continually to return, their services after all, not being required. So long as a vessel can keep to sea, they are specks on the ocean, insignificant and unnoticed; but when a ship is drifting on the sands, or has *struck*, then there exists no object in creation so important as themselves. As soon as a vessel strikes the sand, the waves in succession break upon as they strike and pass her. Under such circumstances, the only means of getting her afloat is for the shore-boat to come under her bows, and

carry off her anchor; which being dropped at some distance to windward, enables her to haul herself into deep water. To describe the danger which a small open boat experiences, even in approaching a vessel to make this attempt, is beyond the power of any painter.

"Of all the most unwieldy guests that could seek for lodging in a small boat, a large ship's anchor is perhaps the worst; to receive or swallow it, is almost death—to get rid of it or disgorge it, is, if possible, still worse. When a vessel, from bumping on the sands, has become unable to float, its last and only resource is to save some of the crew, who, lashed to a rope which has been thrown aboard, are one by one dragged by the boatmen through the surf, till the boat is able to hold no more, when they cut the rope and depart with their cargo."

Kindness to Animals.

Young persons should look upon the animals around them as objects formed by the Almighty, and, therefore, cared for by him. Instead of this, they too often destroy, and what is worse, even torment such unhappy creatures as fall into their hands. Thus they trample on and cut up worms, tear off the wings of butterflies, torture beetles and moths, by running pins through them, without any apparent remorse. Some feel a most heartless pleasure in robbing birds' nests, and in breaking the eggs for their amusement, which they could never have allowed themselves to do, if they had been instructed betimes, that those little productions which they thus wickedly destroy, are among the most wonderful objects in the universe. Who, on seeing the liquid which they contain, would suppose, if he had not been told, that if left to the care of the parent bird, it would, in due course of time, void of form and member as it might seem to his eye, be converted into a dove, a swan, or an eagle? To him there is no apparent difference in the liquid which fills different eggs; and yet one shall become a

nightingale, to delight the woods with its song, another a peacock, to dazzle us with his golden plumage. Should we chance to wander on the banks of the Nile, we may there meet with a similar liquid, contained within a shell, which, when sufficiently matured by the sun, becomes a crocodile, clothed in a coat of armour of the most perfect construction, which is capable of resisting a musket bullet, and armed with a set of teeth, that render him the tyrant of the waters, on whose banks he is produced.

Even the crocodile's egg, however, and much more the creature into which it is transformed, should be to us an object of interest. We call it a monster; but we should know that it does not deserve that name if it be like the rest of its species, and pursue their general habits and propensities. Those animals to which, from ignorance or prejudice, we are apt to give the name of monsters, are miracles of creative power, and ought to be so considered. Toads and frogs, harmless though they be, and really very curious little beings in their conformation, we too often destroy for what we call their ugliness; whereas we should rather endeavour to make ourselves acquainted with their history, and learn the wonderful aptitude which their organization possesses, and for the habits of existence to which they are destined.

Pitch Lake in Trinidad.—CAPTAIN J. E. ALEXANDER.

One of the greatest natural curiosities in that part of the world, is the lake of asphaltum, or pitch, in Trinidad, about thirty-six miles to the southward of Port of Spain. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, eighty feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three-quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it.

The road, leading to the lake, runs through a wood, and, on emerging from it, the spectator stands on the borders of what, at a first glance, appears to be a lake

containing many wooded islets, but which, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep, and full of water. The pitch, at the sides of the lake, is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become unpleasantly warm. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along, the impression of the feet remains on the face of the pitch.

During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over nearly the whole lake, but in the hot season, a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch.

In standing still for some time on the lake, near the centre, the surface gradually sinks till it forms a great bowl, as it were; and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake, it is high time to get out. Some time ago, a ship of war landed casks to fill with pitch, for the purpose of transporting to England; the casks were rolled on the lake, and the men commenced filling; but a piratical looking craft appearing in the offing, the frigate, and all hands went in chase; on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared.

The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country round, except near the bay of Grapo, (which is protected by a hill,) being covered with it. No eruption has taken place within the memory of man. The appearance of the pitch which has hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up into large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth.

On the south-west extremity of the island, is another natural curiosity, which is well worth seeing, although the distance from Port of Spain, renders it rather difficult to proceed thither. What renders this point so interesting to the stranger, is an assemblage of mud-volcanoes, of which, the largest may be about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter: they are situated in a plain, and are not more than four feet elevated above the surface of the ground, but within the mouths of the craters, boiling mud is constantly bubbling up. At times, the old craters cease to act, but when that is the case, new ones invariably appear in the vicinity. The mud is fathomless, yet does not overflow, but remains within the circumference of the crater.

Justice.—Busk's History of Spain and Portugal.

Alhakem the Second, was one of the Moorish caliphs of Spain. A field adjoining the gardens of his favourite palace offered a beautiful site for a pavilion, and, as the owner refused to sell, he took possession by force. The rightful proprietor applied to the ministers of justice. The cadi of Cordova heard his complaint, mounted his mule, and rode into the royal garden, where he found Alhakem enjoying his new acquisition. The cadi dismounting, asked permission to fill a sack with the earth. This was granted; and the judge next besought the monarch's help to place the full sack upon the mule. Alhakem, imagining so strange a request must be calculated to produce some amusing pleasantry, readily complied, but could not lift the burthen. The cadi then solemnly said, "Prince of the Faithful, the sack thou canst not lift contains but a small portion of the field thou hast usurped. How wilt thou bear the weight of the whole field upon thy head before the judgment seat of God?" The argument was conclusive. The caliph thanked his monitor for the lesson, and

restored the field, allowing the splendid pavilion to remain standing by way of damages.

Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, erected on a sunk rock about fourteen miles from the Scottish coast, between Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

This rock may be described as a most dangerous sunken reef, situate at the north entrance of the Frith of Forth, and is open to the North Sea, without any nearer land eastward than the coasts of Norway, Denmark, &c. It consists of sandstone, and dips down to the southeast; presenting a surface of about fourteen hundred feet long, and about three hundred feet wide. At high water, spring tides, the rock is about sixteen feet under water; at low water, spring tides, the level on which the lighthouse stands is about four feet above the water, though at particular places it may be seven feet above the water. The dangerous position of this reef has long caused it to be dreaded, and a short time previous to the erection of the lighthouse, two British frigates were lost on the neighbouring coast, in consequence of their mistaking its position.

The commissioners of the northern lights turned their attention to the subject of erecting a lighthouse on this rock, and, in 1807, they directed Stevenson, their engineer, to prepare designs, &c. He soon after visited the place, and prepared for his operations. A floating-light vessel was provided, and moored at a short distance from the Bell Rock; she was fitted up with berths for thirty artificers, besides the ordinary crew: and she was provided in every way so as to be able to stand very severe weather. Another vessel was also provided as a tender and stone floater. The exact position of the lighthouse being fixed upon, a blacksmith's forge was erected, and the work of hewing the stone, and fixing the granite blocks in dovetail form, proceeded slowly, the time of work, during recess of tide, being very limited. Sometimes a rolling wave

would extinguish the blacksmith's furnace as he was hoping to make a good finish to his work; at other times, in smooth weather, he would be working knee deep in water, until the party were ordered off to the floating-light for the night. They continued about two months of the year 1807, out at sea, thus occupied, but when the time of actual work was calculated, it amounted to only one hundred and thirty-three hours. Sometimes, the weather was too stormy to land on the rock at all; and at one period, they were kept on board five days. The longest or best time of work, between tides, was three hours only. On one occasion, the following remarkably dangerous circumstance occurred.

Soon after the artificers landed, the wind coming on to blow hard, the tender and her boat, by some unknown cause, slipped adrift from the rock: both had got to a considerable distance before this circumstance was observed, every one being so intent upon his own work. As it blew hard, the crew tried to set up the mainsail, so as to work up to their former position; but by the time of getting a tack, she had drifted at least three miles to leeward; and, having both wind and tide against her, the engineer perceived, with no little anxiety, that she could not possibly return to the reef, till long after its being overflowed. In this perilous situation, on a rock in the midst of a stormy sea, and standing where there would soon be twelve feet of water, he felt almost ready to despair, although not without some hope. There were thirty-two persons on the rock, with only two boats left, capable, in fair weather, of holding twenty-four sitters; but to row to the floating-light vessel, distant two or three miles, with so much wind and sea, a complement of eight men only would be proper to make the attempt with safety. To send off one of the boats after the tender, in hopes of getting her to their assistance, would probably have endangered, still further, those who were left. The circumstance of the tender and boat having thus drifted away, was, for a considerable time, known to none of the workmen. While the artificers were at work, chiefly in sitting and kneeling postures, excavating or

boring, and while their numerous hammers, and the sound of the smith's anvil continued, the situation of things did not appear so awful. In this state of suspense, with almost certain destruction at hand, the water began to rise upon those who were at work on the lower parts of the foundation of the lighthouse, &c. From the run of the rough sea, the forge fire was sooner extinguished than usual, and the volumes of smoke having subsided, objects in every direction became visible. After the usual time of work, the men began to make to their respective boats for their jackets and stockings, when, to their astonishment, instead of three, they only found two boats. Not a word was uttered by any one, but all appeared to be silently calculating their numbers, and looking to each other with evident marks of perplexity depicted in their faces. At this critical moment, the engineer was standing on an elevated point, watching the progress of the vessel, and amazed that no attempt was made to bring their boat to their relief. The workmen looked steadfastly upon him, then turned occasionally to the vessel, still far to leeward. All this passed in the most perfect silence: and the melancholy solemnity of the group made an impression never to be effaced from his mind.

The engineer had all along been considering various schemes for the general safety, provided the men could be kept under command, in hope that the tender might pick them up to leeward when they were obliged to quit the rock. He was, accordingly, about to address the men on their perilous situation, but, when he attempted to speak, his mouth was so parched, that his tongue refused utterance. He then turned to one of the pools on the rock and took a little water, which produced immediate relief. But what was his happiness, when, on rising after drinking, some one called out, "a boat, a boat," and on looking around, at no great distance, a large boat was seen through the haze, making towards them. This at once enlivened and rejoiced every heart. It proved to be the express-boat from Arbroath, with letters. The pilot was so little sensible of the awful situation of the people on the rock, that he anchored on

the lee side of it, and began fishing, as usual, till the letters should be sent for. However, they immediately despatched half their number, in two trips, by one of the boats to this welcome visiter, and the remaining six teen followed in the two boats to the floating light. After a very rough passage, and frequent baling the boats, they all had the happiness to reach the floating light in about three hours—while the tender, seeing all safe, and finding so much wind, tacked away for Arbroath.

After this serious adventure, eighteen of the men refused the next morning to repair to their work, but eight others obeyed the summons, and at evening, the rest became too much ashamed of their timidity to decline again.

This circumstance impressed the engineer with the importance of having what they called a beacon house, erected on the rock, beside the lighthouse foundation. This was composed of immense beams of timber, fastened into the rock, and crossing one another, something like a pigeon house, or hay rack. They were very securely fastened together, and planked, so that two or three small rooms, about four feet square, were contrived, where the blacksmith's forge was erected, the mortar prepared, &c. This beacon was found successfully to withstand the stormy waves, and it enabled some of the men and the engineer to remain much longer on the spot than before. During this season, they had to encounter some severe storms; and the power of the waves was astonishing, as displayed in moving the massive granite blocks, and heavy iron articles left upon the rock.

The work of building proceeded, on the whole, with much success, summer after summer. The edifice was completed in the course of three to four years, and on the 1st of Second month, 1811, a light was exhibited from the lantern.

One of the residents in the building thus describes a storm, which occurred in the Tenth month of 1825. "The water came upon the lighthouse in an unbroken state, to the height of the kitchen windows, sixty-four feet

above the rock, and the green seas as high as the bedroom windows, seventy-six feet. At times, seas, I cannot call them sprays, though of a whitish colour, came above the library windows, and struck the cornice, ninety feet high, with such force, that on separating, they darted to the leeward of the house, which was left, if I may so express it, *at one end of an avenue of water!* Indeed, the appearance in all directions around us, was more dreadful and terrific than I ever saw it before. I really think the house is more firm and entire than when I first knew it; for when the seas struck it hard, the sensation now, more than formerly, resembled the tremulous motion of a perfectly sound body. The lamp glasses, and the kitchen utensils, were frequently heard to make a tingling noise during the gale, owing to the vibrations of the tower, but all seems sound and complete about the building."

Fanning's Adventures.

The following providential deliverance from imminent danger, is related by Captain Fanning, in the volume containing his "Voyages round the World." The incident occurred during a voyage in the Pacific, after sealskin fur. He says:

"At nine o'clock in the evening, my customary hour for retiring, I had, as usual, repaired to my berth, enjoying perfect good health; but between the hours of nine and ten, found myself, without being sensible of any movement or exertion in getting there, on the upper steps of the companion-way. After exchanging a few words with the commanding officer, who was walking the deck, I returned to my berth, thinking how strange it was, for I never before had walked in my sleep. Again I was occupying the same position, to the great surprise of the officer—not more so than to myself, after having slept some twenty minutes, or the like. I was preparing to return to the cabin, after answering in the affirmative

his inquiry, whether Captain Fanning was well. Why, or what it was, that had thus brought me twice to the companion-way, I was quite unable to tell; but lest there should be any portion of vigilance unobserved by those then in charge, I inquired of the officer how far he was able to see around the ship; he replied, that although a little hazy, he thought he could see a mile or two; adding, that the look-out was regularly relieved every half hour. With a strange sensation upon my mind, I again returned to my berth. What was my astonishment on finding myself the third time in the same place! with this addition; I had now, without being aware of it, put on my outer garments and hat. Then I conceived some danger was nigh at hand, and determined upon laying the ship to for the night. She was then under full sail, going at the rate of five or six miles per hour. All her light sails were accordingly taken in, the top-sails were single-reefed, and the ship brought to forthwith, on the wind. I gave directions to the officer in charge to tack every hour, and to pass the direction to the officer who should relieve him, that we might maintain our present position until morning; adding a request that he would call me at day-light, as he himself would then be again on watch. He was surprised—looked at me with astonishment—appeared half to hesitate to obey, supposing me to be out of my mind. I observed I was perfectly well, but that something, what it was I could not tell, required that these precautionary measures should be observed. A few minutes before eleven I again retired, and remained undisturbed, enjoying a sound sleep, until called at day-light by the officer. He reported the weather to be much the same as the evening previous, with a fine trade-wind from E. N. E. Giving him direc tions to make all sail, after attending to some little duties, I followed to the deck just as the sun came above the clear eastern horizon.

"The officers and watch were busily engaged. All was activity and bustle, except with the helmsman. Even the man on the look-out was for a moment called from his especial charge, and was engaged in reeving and sending down on deck the steering-sail haulyards.

This induced me to walk over to the lee-quarter, not expecting, however, to make any discovery; in a moment the whole truth flashed before my eyes, as I caught sight of breakers, mast high, directly ahead, and towards which our ship was fast sailing.

"The helm was put a-lee, the yards all braced up, and sails trimmed by the wind, as the man aloft, in a stentorian voice called out, 'Breakers! breakers ahead!' This was a sufficient response to the inquiring look of the officer, as perceiving the manœuvre, without being aware of the cause, he had gazed upon me to find if I was crazed. Casting a look upon the foaming breakers, his face, from a flush of red, had assumed a death-like paleness. No man spoke. All was silence, except the needed orders, which were promptly executed with the precision that necessarily attends the conduct of an orderly and correct crew.

"The ship was now sailing on the wind, and the roaring of the herculean breakers under her lee, a short mile's distance, was distinctly heard. The officer, to whom the events of the night were familiar, came aft to me, and with the voice and look of a man deeply impressed with solemn convictions, said, 'Surely, sir, Providence has a care over us, and has kindly directed us again on the road of safety. I cannot speak my feelings, for it seems to me, after what has passed during the night, and what now appears before my eyes, as if I had just awakened in another world. Why, sir, half an hour's further run from where we lay by in the night, would have cast us on that fatal spot, where we must all certainly have been lost.'

"All hands, by this time made acquainted with the discovery, and the danger they had so narrowly escaped, were gathered on deck, gazing upon the breakers with serious and thoughtful countenances. We were enabled to weather the breakers on our stretch to the north, and had a fair view of them from aloft. We did not discover a foot of ground, rock, or sand above water, where a boat might have been hauled up; of course, had our ship run on it in the night, there can be no question but we should all have perished."

The Robins.—CREWDSON.

'Twas a morning in spring, delicious and bright,
With scarcely a shadow to chequer the light;
Each tree and each hedge-row was budding all o'er
With that delicate beauty which promises *more*;
The leaf in its sheath, and the bud in its fold,
And the flower in its calyx, were tenderly rolled,
Just waiting the call of the south wind's low breath,
To throw off their cerements, and burst from the sheath!

The birds were all busy with household affairs,
With family prospects, and family cares;
The beautiful thrush, with her velvety breast,
Was shaping and moulding the round of her nest;
While the yellow-beaked merle, in his glossy, black coat,
Had a twig in his bill, and a song in his throat;
And the trustful hedge-warbler already did own
Five lovely blue eggs, that are *sure* to be stol'n!

And the Robin, brave fellow! is daintily drest
In his new velvet hood, and a scarlet-hued vest;
And he said to his mate, "I have found, my sweet dear,
Such a beautiful place for our nestlings this year!
To the wild-wood and forest, and desolate glen,
We never will rove from the cottage again,
There the weasel doth lurk, and the hawk, and the kite,
And the harlequin pye, in his black and his white."

Now, adjoining the cottage, there stood a warm shed,
For rake, and for spade, and for matting and shred;
'Twas a snug little room, with a casement and door,
A shelf, and a table, and nicely swept floor;
And a hail storm had broken one diamond-shaped pane,
Where the robins might enter and fly out again;
And the gardener's dinner of bread and of meat,
Had yielded, in winter, an exquisite treat.

He wondered, and watched them, and wondered in vain,
Why they flashed in and out, through the hole in the pane;
The one little bill always tufted with moss,
While a delicate twig lay the other across.
With beak and with claw, and with quivering wing,
Too busy to pick up his crumbs, or to sing;
Then he found that the baby's *small cart* was possessed
By a softly-lined, rounded, and beautiful nest!

Five days! and each morning the little hen laid
A single white egg, speckled over with red.
And her sparkling black eyes shone like two little stars,
As she sat in her chariot and peeped through the bars;
While her throat of pale orange peered over the nest,
When settling her treasures, or preening her breast,
And daily she listened, with conjugal pride,
To the best and the sweetest of warblings outside.

But to dozing, and cozing, and musings farewell,
When five hungry robinets broke from the shell!
Flashing in—flying out—flashing homeward again
From morning to night, through that hole in the pane!
If *one* mouth be filled, there are *four* open yet;
Oh, the wonderful stomach of each robinet!
So they grew and were fledged, and the nest is too small,
And the hen with her wings cannot cover them all.

Then a council was held, when, with pride and delight,
'Twas agreed that each pinion was ready for flight.
What chirpings! what coaxings! what gladness! what tremblings!
What daring adventures, and timid dissemblings!
What joy at their freedom! what yearnings in some,
When their little wings ached for the softness of home!
But their mother taught each to the branches to cling,
And to tuck, when he slept, his head under his wing.

And they soon loved the sunshine, the shower, and the
breeze,
And they loved to "see-saw" with the wind in the trees.
Their pinions were strong, and they wondered at heart,
How they e'er could have relished their nest in the cart.
But their parents are thoughtfully peeping again
Through that little round hole in the diamond-shaped
pane,
And the hen whispered softly, "I've never forgot
My safety and peace in that exquisite spot!"

But her throne? it hath vanished! the baby's young
heart
Could not give up, for ever, her claim on the cart.
She had patiently waited, content and resigned,
Because her sweet mother had said, "it were kind;"
And had shown her those two sparkling eyes, and that
breast,
Which panted and heaved o'er the edge of the nest;
And had said that her darling should soon have her own,
When the eggs were all hatched, and the nestlings had
flown.

Nought daunted, the brave-hearted robins began
At once to adjust and re-settle their plan.
For an instant, they fancied how clever 'twould be
To build in the shears, like the fork of a tree;
But its edge was too keen. Then it entered their heads,
To build, at small cost, in a box full of shreds;
And had even begun a few fibres to twine,
When the gardener took it to pin up a vine.

The cock-bird was angry, and roughed up his crest,
And "wondered that any dare hinder *his* nest;"
That "the box was his *own*, and the nails, and each
shred,
The shears, and the rake, and in fact, the whole shed;"
That "he'd build where he list, and would please his
ownself:"
So they fixed on a place, high aloft, on the shelf,

By the side of a mouse-trap, still baited with cheese,
Though the mice all preferred crocus-roots and sweet peas.

Again was a nest finely woven with care,
And five speckled eggs were deposited there;
Again did five nestlings, all hearty and bright,
Keep those busy wings restless from morning to night;
Flashing in—flashing out, with a zeal and a love,
Which never a moment of weariness prove;
Till they taught each again how to fly from the shelf,
And to roost on a bough, and to shift for himself.

It is time, you will think, for our brave little pair,
To retire from business, and family care.
But no! they are chatting and nodding again,
In the same old direction,—that hole in the pane!
There is plenty of time ere the summer be past,
For five pretty nestlings, as dear as the last:
There is plenty of time for the growth of the wing,
And to teach them to shift for themselves, and to sing.

Now, in a snug corner, there happened to lie
A heap of old manuscripts, learned and dry.
Whether Latin, or Grecian, I never have heard,
Which tongue of the twain, held a charm for the bird;
But the bold little fellow most stoutly did choose
To throne his last nest in the lap of the muse:
And never, for certain, did classical lore
Yield such a sure basis for gladness before.

If a rustle e'er troubled the mother-bird's rest,
'Twas the rusty old characters under her breast.
But the robinets broke from their egg-shell again,
Like other young nestlings, in morals and brain.
Now, peace to the parents, and joy to their song,
And health to their nestlings, all blithesome and strong!
And glad be the anthem, and sweet be the notes,
That swell the soft plumage of fifteen young throats!

The Diving Bell.—Captain B. Hall.

The diving bell is an iron box, and is often of a cubical form. Ours was not strictly a cube, being perhaps a couple of feet wider across the bottom than it was at top. It was suspended by a strong chain attached to a windlass on board the vessel belonging to the diving establishment. On the surface of the water, there lay coiled up a long leather tube or hose. One end of this was connected with a forcing-pump on board the vessel; the other end entered the top of the bell, where the air was forced in at a valve opening inwards. The pipe was several fathoms longer than the perpendicular depth of the water, so that when the bell reached the bottom, there were still several coils of air-pipe floating on the surface.

When we reached the vessel, the diving bell was hanging over the stern, and just so high, that when the boat in which we were, passed under it, we easily stepped to the foot-boards lying across the lower part of the bell, and thence gained the seats fastened inside it about half way up. We sat on one bench, and the workmen on the other. In the middle, between us, was suspended a large hammer, a very important appendage. When seated, our feet, resting on the cross-piece, were about six inches from the bottom of the bell, and our backs rested against the side of this mysterious-looking apartment.

I confess I felt not a little queer when the man called out "Lower away!" and the bell, gradually descending on the water, like a huge extinguisher, shut us com pletely out from the world above. The instant the lips of the bell touched the water, the people in the vessel began working the force-pump, and we could hear the air, at each stroke of the piston, entering the valve with a sharp, quick, hissing noise. The object of this process is not only to supply the divers with fresh air, but also, and chiefly, to exclude the water, which, if the quantity of air in the bell were not forcibly augmented, so as to maintain its volume, and the bell kept constantly full,

would enter it, and occupy an inconvenient portion of the space. If any vessel, filled with air at the surface of the sea, be sunk under its surface to the depth say of thirty feet, and an opening be left by which the water may enter, the air within the vessel will be condensed into one half its volume, the other half of the vessel being of course occupied by water. It is to prevent this happening in the case of the diving bell, that the forcing-pump is put in action, the effect of which is to keep the bell, during the whole of its descent, and to whatever depth it may reach, constantly full of air.

This condensation produces an extremely disagreeable effect on most persons who go down for the first time, though the workmen soon get accustomed to bear it without inconvenience. The lower edge of the bell had decended but a few inches below the surface, before we began to feel an unpleasant pressure on the ears. At first, however, the pain was not considerable, and we had leisure to contemplate the oddness of our situation, as we saw the waves rippling over us, through the strong glass windows placed in the top. But in a short while, when our depth was a fathom or two beneath the surface of the sea, the pain became so excessive as to be scarcely bearable. I cannot better describe it than by saying, that it was as if a violent toothache were transferred to the ears. It was not like an ordinary ear-ache, acute and piercing, but dead, burning, and fierce. I confess that it quite outmastered my fortitude, and in the apprehension of the pressure bursting in the drum of the ear, I suggested the fitnesss of making the signal to be pulled up again. But my companion's nerves were stronger, and he called out, though in equal distress, "Let us bear it out, now we have begun." So down we went.

In spite of this annoyance, it was not possible to be insensible to the singularity of our situation—at the bottom of the sea, and cut off from all the rest of the world by no less an interposition than the great ocean rolling over our heads! It was quite light, however, and we could distinctly see the fish swimming about below us, close to the bell. As the water was not very

clear, it was not until we came within eight or ten feet of the bottom that we discovered the pavement on which the sea rested. This partial muddiness probably made the sweeping past of the tide more conspicuous; and I rather think this was the most striking circumstance of the whole scene.

At length, the bell actually touched the ground, which consisted of a bed of shingle, composed of pieces of slate about as big as my hand, being the remainder of a small shoal, which, having been found very dangerous and inconvenient to the anchorage, had been gradually removed by means of the diving bell. This troublesome shoal, the name of which I forget (and which all the world may now forget and forgive, as it no longer exists), was only thirty feet square or thereabout, and had twenty-two feet of water over it. As it lay directly opposite to the entrance of the breakwater anchorage, and was of a depth which would have been reached by many of his Majesty's ships, especially when a swell was rolling into the sound, it was a point of some consequence to remove it. This was accordingly effected by the agency of the diving bell, the workmen in which, having filled bags with the loose fragments, made signals for pulling them up by ropes let down for the purpose. When this work was going on, the bell, instead of being made to rest on the ground, as it did when we were in it, was kept a foot or so from the bottom, in order to leave room for the bags being pushed out when full. In this way the whole area of the magnificent anchorage within the breakwater, had been cleared of innumerable anchors, left by ships which had parted their cables—and of guns, dropped overboard accidentally, or cast out by ships in distress, or belonging to vessels that had foundered, and were long since gone to pieces, perhaps hundreds of years ago. Besides these things, many large stones were found scattered about, to the great injury of cables. Some of these may have been there from all time, but many of them, it was ascertained, had accidentally fallen from the vessels employed to transport them from the quarries to the breakwater; and we can easily understand why the persons to whose careless-

ness the accidents were due, should be in no hurry to report their loss.

We had some expectation of catching a fish that played about under the bell till we were just upon him, when he darted off, laughing, perhaps, at our folly in quitting our own element for his—an example he had no mind to follow. We were now twenty-seven feet below the surface, and having satisfied ourselves of having reached the bottom by picking up a stone, we desired the man to make the signal to be pulled up again. This he did by striking the side of the bell very gently with the hammer. These blows, it appears, are distinctly heard above; and even sounds much fainter are heard, such as those caused by the workmen striking the ground with their pickaxes. The wishes of those who are below are conveyed by means of a previously concerted series of blows. A certain number is to pull up, another to lower down the bell; one set directs it to be moved east, another west, and so on.

The moment we began to ascend, the forcing-pump was stopped, as no more air was required to exclude the water, and we had an ample store for breathing during the return to the upper world. Indeed, it was curious to observe how the air expanded as we rose again, and the pressure became less. This was made manifest by its bubbling out at the bottom of the bell. I do not exactly know the cause, but when we had been drawn up about a couple of feet, the bell was filled with mist. The violent pressure on the ears was also, of course, relieved, but the pain continued with considerable severity till we reached the surface. When we were about half way up, I found the blood running from my nose, and Captain Elliott spat blood for some hours afterwards. He continued very unwell all that day, and was not quite re-established for some time. I was not actually sick, as he was, but the pain, or rather an extreme delicacy in my ears, continued for nearly a week. From all we could learn from the workmen, it seems that we suffered more severely than most people do. A general sense of inconvenient pressure is felt, but seldom any violent pain.

Storm at Sea.

In the Tenth month, 1837, the steamer Charleston, bound from Philadelphia to Charleston, South Carolina, when off Cape Hatteras, encountered a tremendous gale, which lasted from First-day evening until Third-day morning, during which, she seemed likely to founder, but providentially escaped, and got into Beaufort, North Carolina, to refit.

The following account is extracted from letters written by one of the passengers. The first part was written before the storm had fully set in.

"First-day afternoon the 8th inst.—The wind and swell of the sea have increased considerably, and the appearance of the ocean is awfully grand. The waves tower above our upper deck, while the gulf that yawns below seems as though it would swallow us up. Our course is in the trough of the sea, with the wind and waves on our side, which makes the boat roll excessively, whilst the waves striking her, make her tremble from end to end. We have shipped some seas on our forward deck which covered it several inches in water; and, altogether, it may be considered quite a storm. The seamen are now reefing our square-sail to be ready for rounding Cape Hatteras, where we are to expect a rough time. The boat rolls so that I have to hold on with one hand while I write with the other.

"The gale rapidly increased in fury towards night, and the terrific appearance of the billows, with the howling of the wind, convinced me that our situation had become most serious and dangerous. We were off Cape Hatteras, between twenty and thirty miles from land, in one of the most dangerous parts of the coast of North America. I retired to my berth very late, and was so fully impressed with our danger that I could not sleep, and the tremendous lurching of the boat would hardly allow me to lay in my berth. A little before two o'clock in the morning, a sea broke over the stern of the boat like an avalanche. The concussion was so great as to break in the bulk-heads, and shatter the

glass in some of the windows, far from where it struck. It broke in the skylights of the after cabin, and pouring into it in torrents, made a clear sweep over the after-deck as deep as the bulwarks, nearly four feet. The violence of the sea lifted the deck fore and aft of the wheel house, making an opening about one inch wide the whole length of the boat, through which the water poured into her, every time we shipped a sea. The weather side, moreover, took so much more than the other, that it occasioned her to lean over very much, and deranged the working of the engines. Had these failed, all hope would have been at an end. The captain behaved with remarkable coolness and decision. He had been on the upper deck, at the helm, all the day and night, exposed to the fury of the winds and waves, without any shelter. When we shipped the sea, at 2 P. M., he ran down into our cabin, said he could not be absent from the helm, and that if we wished to save our lives we must turn to baling out water, or he greatly feared the boat would be swamped, she was so loaded with it. At this moment, four skylights, each eight inches by thirty, were pouring down columns of water, the whole cabin was afloat, and trunks, settees, bonnet-boxes, &c., were dashing from side to side as the vessel heaved in the trough of the sea. Buckets were procured, and we commenced baling as fast as we could, but every sea we shipped brought in vastly more than all of us could bail out, and the water soon became so deep as to run into the top of my boots. It was evident some other means must be resorted to. The passengers and crew behaved with great calmness and propriety, none who were able refusing to work. We took our mattresses and pillows and stuffed them into the lights, but the returning waves washed them out. We then barricaded them with settees, and stationed men to hold them in; this succeeded in part, but no sooner was this accomplished, than a tremendous sea struck us on the other side, and opened a way for the water in there, and into the ladies' cabin. It now became necessary to put some stoppage on the outside, but the boat was shipping such tremendous seas, that it

was a work of great hazard. A man, however, was procured to go, who was lashed to the stanchions by a strong rope; but such was the depth of the water on the deck from the continual washing of the waves, that he could do but little. The boat rolled and pitched so dreadfully that we could scarcely stand, even when holding on, and she had shipped so much water that she leaned on the side towards the sea, exposing her to its full action. I stood baling and handing water, from the time it first broke into the cabin until eight o'clock in the morning, wet to the skin, and nearly ready to sink with fatigue. As the day dawned, the storm raged more furiously, the billows rose as high as our smokepipe, and as they curled and broke, fell on us with amazing power. About ten o'clock, the engineer told us he thought the engine could not hold out much longer, she was so disarranged and injured by the heavy shocks of the sea. We knew that, as far as regarded outward means, this was our only hope of safety, and the intelligence was appalling. Our captain was collected and energetic, but the winds and waves laughed at the puny powers of man, and defied all his efforts.

At 10½ A. M., a sea of immense volume and force struck our forward hatch, towered over the upper deck, and swept off all that was on it. It broke the iron bolts that supported the smokepipe, stove in the bulwarks, tore up the iron sheathings of the engine, and made almost a wreck of the upper works. On the main deck, it tore away the guards several inches square, demolished the windows of the main hatch in the men's cabin, and poured down a torrent of water which filled it nearly two feet deep. It engulphed the fire under the boiler of the engine on that side, and lifted the machinery so as to permit the escape of a volume of steam and smoke, that nearly suffocated us, and so shifted the main shaft of the engine that it no longer worked true, but tore away the wood work, and almost destroyed its further usefulness. It swept all the rooms on both sides, and threw them open to every succeeding wave. The crash was awful, the boat trembled and quivered as though she was wrecked, and the big bell tolled with the shock

as though sounding the funeral knell of all on board. I never had an adequate idea of a storm before; the whole sea was white with foam, and the wind blew up the water in such quantities that the atmosphere was thick with it. Every sea stove in some new place; windows and doors gave way with awful crashes, and several times the fires were nearly extinguished. The captain, who had stood at his post near the helm, now came down from the upper deck, and told us the fury of the storm was such that he feared he could not save the vessel, that her upper works were fast becoming a wreck, and as soon as they went she would fill and sink; therefore, if it met the approbation of the passengers, he would endeavour to run her ashore, in the hope of saving our lives. He said all would depend upon the character of the beach, and on our self-possession, and calmness to act with judgment at the trying moment, and assured us that he would lose his life to save ours. He told us to continue working at the pumps and buckets, and in handing wood for the engines, as long as we could possibly stand; and to avoid giving way to improper excitement; that when the vessel should strike, we must make for the bow after the first sea had swept her decks. He also directed us where to place those articles we should most want if we survived. He then went to the women's cabin, and calling them together, stated his apprehensions that the vessel could not be saved, giving them much the same charges he had done to us. All this was done with as much apparent calmness as though all was well. He then ordered the carpenter to be ready with the axe to cut away the mast the moment she should strike, and, having made these arrangements, resumed his station at the helm. The boat now rolled more than ever; shipped nearly every sea that struck against her, and swung round from the shock, so as not to obey the helm. An almost constant stream of water swept the decks, and at every stroke of the sea the boat groaned, and the bell rung with a sound that seemed peculiarly awful. We all procured ropes and fastened them around our bodies, for the purpose of lashing ourselves to the

wreck, and having embraced each other, prepared to take our part in the work, and to meet the awful impending catastrophe. After this, I went to work, and continued at it until 8 o'clock at night, pumping, baling, or handing out water, and carrying wood for the fires. As we were then twenty-five or thirty miles from shore, the captain's anxiety was to put the boat in as soon as possible, before she became unmanageable, or began to sink. He steered for Cape Look-Out, in North Carolina, though he could not tell certainly where he was, but concluded it must be the nearest land, and that it would be as good a place to be wrecked on as any. But a merciful and kind Providence knew better than we, and at that awful moment was watching over us, and frustrating our designs for our good. The land lay N. N. West, and the gale blew heavily N. E., so that he could not steer her in; finding this, he came down and desired the engineer to raise steam with wood, to enable him to steer in, or otherwise all hope was gone. Accordingly, we all went to handing wood for the engine, but so much had been washed over, that we had hardly enough for three hours; the sea had broken down the doors and windows, &c., on deck, and we carefully collected these and put them in to keep up the fire. But with all the steam we could raise, we could not steer for shore, the wind and current carrying us down along shore, but not in towards it; and this proved our safety, for with the tremendous sea, which we afterwards saw setting on the coast, near which we aimed to ground, we might all have perished had we succeeded in our attempt. As it was, the wind, current, and steam just served to carry us, under the guidance of a gracious Providence, we knew not whither, but into stiller water. About 9 o'clock at night, the sea became more calm, though the fury of the storm was not lessened, by which the captain was induced to believe that we had doubled the cape, and were coming under its lea. By incessant exertions, we now nearly cleared the hold and cabin of water, and as the boat shortly came into comparatively smooth water, the captain thought he would try to weather the night at an-

chor, thinking the storm might abate by morning. Some protested against this, and insisted upon running on shore at once, but the captain would not, as he thought we should all perish in the dark. He therefore steered in towards it, and after running two hours, dropped two anchors, which held the boat. On weighing these in the morning, we found that the largest one had broken short off, and our safety during the night had depended on a small, and as we should have thought, very insufficient one. Thus a succession of merciful providences attended us.

Our captain called a consultation of the passengers on Third-day morning, in which nearly all agreed that we should run into Beaufort, to refit. As he did not know the channel, it was necessary to sound continually; but after a few hours, a pilot came off to us and steered us in handsomely.

After refitting at Beaufort, they proceeded on their voyage, and arrived in Charleston on Fifth-day.

Try again.—CREWDSON.

Gentle young maidens, and brave little men,
Never despair! Try *again* and *again!*
Life hath no royal bowers, fair to behold,
Draped with vermilion and pavéd with gold;
Duty's no garden-path, sodded with moss,
Smooth'd from the rugged, the crooked, the cross;
Time hath no space to be languid or weary,
Forward, the march of the hopeful and cheery?
Not to the swift is the battle of life,
Not to the strong is the guerdon of strife,
Not to the proud is the crown of success,
Not for the haughty brow honour's caress.
Only the patient, the steadfast, and lowly,
Win the true wreath that is fadeless and holy:
The bold and ambitious may strive all in vain,
The goal will be reach'd but by *trying again.*

Georgie, dear fellow!—that forehead of thine
Ought not, and *need* not be ploughed with a line;
Nor should those tear-drops e'en silently lie,
Dimming the light of that bonnie blue eye.
Ah! I well know that the "Mantuan Bard,"*
Oft is provoking, and crusty and hard;
Tangling hexameters into a twist,
Hiding his meaning in shadows and mist:
Don't be bewildered;—'twill solve itself plain;—
Smooth thy fair brow, boy, and *try him again.*

Willie, brave man! thou art sighing, 'twould seem,
For some bright idea to light up thy theme!
But thoughts are astray, and ideas are flown,
And thy essay reads lifeless, and "dry as a bone."
Now, sighing will never give fancy a spring,
So let thy own thoughts take their natural swing;
And soon will some image, suggested from far,
Peep through the clouds and the mists, like a star.
Try again, Willie; the learned and wise,
Begin with a failure and end with a prize.

Thomas Clarkson.

Previously to the year 1785, few persons in England had publicly questioned the propriety of keeping slaves in the West Indies, or of annually adding thousands to their number, by importations of negroes from Africa. In that year, the master of the Magdalen College, Cambridge, gave out amongst the students, as a subject for one of the university prizes, the question, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" Thomas Clarkson, one of the students, took pains to acquire information on the subject, and his essay gained the prize. The day after reading it in public, he set out on horse-

* Virgil.

back for London. The subject on which he had so recently written, occupied his thoughts. As he journeyed on, he became at times seriously affected. At length, stopping his horse, he sat down by the wayside. He tried to persuade himself that the contents of the essay were not true, but the authorities were such as to make this seem impossible. Allowing, then, that such cruelties were perpetrated by Britons upon the poor Africans, he could not help feeling, that it was an imperative duty in some one, to undertake the task of awaking public feeling to a just sense of the case. Soon after reaching London, he published his essay, which attracted much attention. Still, he saw that something else was necessary. He became convinced that some one should devote himself to this object. The question then was, was he called upon to do it? To ascertain this, he frequently retired into solitude, and after the most mature deliberation, he resolved to devote his whole life, should it be needful, to the cause.

Clarkson originated a society for the abolition of the slave trade, and many influential men became members of it. By holding meetings, and by publishing descriptions of slavery, and arguments against it, this society soon roused the attention of a large portion of the public to the enormities of the trade. Clarkson was secretary, and on him most of the labour fell. For six years he applied himself so closely, that, at length, his constitution seemed about to give way; his hearing, voice and memory were nearly gone; and he was obliged to relax in his exertions. Eight years after, finding his health restored, he returned to his labours. In the course of these, he suffered great reproach from those who had an interest in slavery, and his life was, on more than one occasion, exposed to danger. He nevertheless persevered, and in 1807, an act of parliament was passed for abolishing the slave-trade.

The example of Great Britain was followed in a few years by most other European governments; and in 1834, slavery itself was extinguished in the British dominions, at the expense of twenty millions of pounds sterling.

The Tame Gemzé.—CREWDSON.

In a sunny Alpine valley,
'Neath the snowy Wetterhorn,
See a maiden, by a châlet,*
Playing with a gemzé fawn.
How he pricks his ears to hear her,
How his soft eyes flash with pride,
As she tells him he is dearer
Than the whole wide world beside!
Dearer than the lambkins gentle,
Dearer than the frisking kids,
Or the pigeon on the lintel,
Coming, going, as she bids!

By a gushing glacier-fountain,
On the giant Wetterhorn,
'Midst the snow-fields of the mountain,
Was this little gemzé born:
And his mother, though the mildest,
And the gentlest of the herd,
Was the fleetest and the wildest,
And as lightsome as a bird.
But the jäger† watched her, gliding
In the silence of the dawn,
Seeking for a place of hiding
For her little tender fawn;
So he marked her, all unheeding,
(Swift and sure the bolt of death,)
And he bore her, dead and bleeding,
To his Alpine home beneath.
And the orphan gemzé follows,
Calling her with plaintive bleat,
O'er the knolls, and through the hollows,
Trotting on, with trembling feet.

See, the cabin's latch is raiséd
By a small and gentle hand,
And the face that upward gazéd,

* A cottage, pronounced *Shal-le.*
† The huntsman, pronounced *Ya-ger.*

Had a smile serene and bland.
Bertha was the Switzer's daughter,
And herself an orphan child;
But her sorrows all had taught her
To be gentle, kind, and mild.
You might see a tear-drop quivering
In her honest eye of blue,
As she took the stranger, shivering,
To her heart, so warm and true.
"I will be thy mother, sweetest,"
To the fawn she whispered low,
"I will heed thee when thou bleatest,
And will solace all thy woe."
Then the tottering gemzé, stealing
Towards her, seemed to understand,
Gazing on her face, and kneeling,
Placed his nose within her hand!
Every day, the Switzer maiden
Shared with him her milk and bread,
Every night the fawn is laid on
Moss and ling, beside her bed.
Blue as mountain periwinkle,
Is the ribbon round his throat,
Where a little bell doth tinkle,
With a shrill and silvery note!
When the morning light is flushing
Wetterhorn, so cold and pale,
Or, when evening shades are hushing
All the voices of the vale,
You might hear the maiden singing
To her happy gemzé fawn,
While the kids and lambs she's bringing
Up or down the thymy lawn.

Spring is come! and little Bertha,
With her chamois at her side,
Up the mountain wandered further
Than the narrow pathway's guide.
Every step is paved with flowers;
Here the bright mezereon glows,
Here the tiger-lily towers,

And the mountain cistus blows.
There the royal eagle rushes
From his eyrie overhead;
There, the roaring torrent gushes
Madly, o'er its craggy bed.
Hark! from whence that distant bleating,
Like a whistle, clear and shrill?
Gemzé! ah, thy heart is beating,
With a wild and sudden thrill.
Voices of thy brothers, scouring
Over sparkling fields of ice,
Where the snow-white peaks are towering
O'er the shaggy precipice!

Bertha smiled to see him listening,
(Arching neck, and quivering ear,
Panting chest, and bright eyes glistening,)
To that whistle wild and clear.
Little knew she that it severed
All that bound him to the glen,
That the gentle bands are shivered,
And the tame one—wild again.

To the next wild bleat that soundeth,
Makes he answer strong and shrill;
Wild as wildest, off he boundeth,
Fleet as fleetest, o'er the hill.
"Gemzé! gemzé; Kommt mein lieber!"*
Echoes faint from height to height;—
Dry thy tears, sweet Bertha, never
Will he glance again in sight.
But, when paling stars are twinkling,
In the twilight of the morn,
Thou may'st hear his bell a tinkling,
Midst the snows of Wetterhorn.

In the German-Swiss cantons, and throughout the Tyrol, the Chamois goat is called the "Gemzé;" the other name, "Chamois," prevailing only in those cantons in which French is spoken

* "Kommt mein lieber." Come my darling.

Sagacity of a Chamois.

The Chamois is a species of wild goat which is found in Alpine countries, and esteemed valuable for the sake of its skin, of which is made a very fine kind of leather. A Chamois hunter gave the following relation to Kohl, the German traveller.

In one of his hunting excursions he discovered two young Chamois in a niche at the top of a high rock. The little ones were sporting round the mother, who glanced, from time to time down into the valley, to watch for any hostile approach. To avoid being seen, our hunter made a great circuit, and so reached a path that led to the spot. Exactly in front of the niche, the rocks descend perpendicularly to an immense depth. At the back was another steep descent. Some fragments of rock formed a kind of bridge between the large masses; but these were placed too high to be accessible to the little ones, and could only be available for their mother. The hunter rejoiced as he contemplated this position, and pressed upon the animals, whose escape seemed impossible. When the old one caught sight of him, she measured with a glance the unfavourable disposition of the rock, and sprang upon the hunter with the fury that maternal love will breathe into the most timid creatures. —The danger of such attacks is less from the thrust, which is not very violent, than from the endeavour of the animal to fix the point of its horns, which are bent like fish-hooks, in the legs of the hunter, and then press him back down the precipices. It happens sometimes, that the Chamois and the hunter thus entangled roll into the abyss together. Our hunter was in no condition to fire at the advancing Chamois, as he found both hands necessary to sustain himself on the narrow path; he therefore warded off the blows as well as he could with his feet, and kept still advancing. The anguish of the mother increased. She dashed back to her young, coursed round them with loud cries, as if to warn them of their danger, and then leaped up the before named

fragment of rock, from which the second but more difficult egress from the grotto was to be won. She then leaped down again to her little ones, and seemed to encourage them to attempt the leap. In vain the little creatures sprang and wounded their foreheads against the rocks that were too high for them, and in vain the mother repeated again and again, her firm and graceful leap, to show them the way. All this was the work of a few minutes, whilst the hunter had again advanced some steps nearer. He was just preparing to make the last effort, when to his astonishment, he beheld the following instance of the Chamois' cunning:—The old Chamois, fixing her hind legs firmly on the rocks behind, had stretched her body to its utmost length, and planted her forefeet on the rock above, thus forming a temporary bridge of her back. The little ones in a minute seemed to comprehend the design of their mother, sprang upon her like cats, and thus reached the point of safety. The picture only lasted long enough to enable their pursuer to take the last step. He sprang into the niche, thinking himself now sure of the young Chamois, but all three were off with the speed of the wind, and a couple of shots that he sent after the fugitives, merely announced, by their echo, to the surrounding rocks, that he had missed his game.

Violeting.—Mary R. Mitford.

It is a dull grey morning, with a dewy feeling in the air; fresh, but not windy; cool, but not cold;—the very day for a person newly arrived from the heat, the glare, the noise, and the fever of London, to plunge into the remotest labyrinths of the country, and regain the repose of mind, which has been lost in that great Babel. I must go violeting—and I must go alone: the sound of a voice would disturb the serenity of feeling which I am trying to recover. I shall go quite alone, with my little

basket twisted like a bee-hive, which I love so well; and I shall get out of the high road the moment I can. I would not meet any one just now, even of those whom I best like to meet.

We live in an unenclosed parish, and may thank the wise obstinacy of two or three sturdy farmers, and the unpopularity of a ranting, madcap lord of the manor, for preserving the delicious green patches, the islets of wilderness amidst cultivation, which form perhaps the peculiar beauty of English scenery. The common that I am passing now—the lea, as it is called—is one of the loveliest of these favoured spots. It is a little sheltered scene, retiring, as it were, from the village; sunk amidst higher lands, hills would be almost too grand a word: edged on one side by one gay high-road, and intersected by another; and surrounded by a most picturesque confusion of meadows, cottages, farms and orchards; with a great pond in one corner, unusually bright and clear, giving a delightful cheerfulness and daylight to the picture. The swallows haunt that pond; so do the children. There is a merry group round it now; I have seldom seen it without one. Children love water, clear, bright, sparkling water; it excites and feeds their curiosity; it is motion and life.

The path that I am treading leads to a less lively spot, to that large heavy building on one side of the common, whose solid wings, jutting out far beyond the main body, occupy three sides of a square, and give a cold, shadowy look to the court. On one side is a gloomy garden. It is laid out in straight, dark beds of vegetables, potatoes, cabbages, onions, beans; all earthy and mouldy as a newly dug grave. Not a flower, or a flowering shrub; not a rose-tree or a currant-bush! Nothing but for sober use. Oh, how different from the long irregular slips of the cottage-gardens, with their gay bunches of polyanthuses and crocusses; their wall-flowers, sending sweet odours through the narrow casement, and their gooseberry-trees, bursting into a brilliancy of leaf, whose vivid greenness has the effect of a blossom on the eye! Oh how different! On the other side of this gloomy abode, is a meadow of that intense emerald hue, which

denotes the presence of stagnant water, surrounded by willows at regular distances, and, like the garden, separated from the common by a wide, moat-like ditch. That is the parish work-house. All about it is solid, substantial, useful;—but so dreary! so cold! so dark! There are children in the court, and yet all is silent. I always hurry past that place as if it were a prison. Restraint, sickness, age, extreme poverty, misery, which I have no power to remove or alleviate,—these are the ideas, the feelings, which the sight of those walls excites; yet, perhaps, if not certainly, they contain less of that extreme desolation than the morbid fancy is apt to paint. There will be found order, cleanliness, food, clothing, warmth, refuge for the homeless, medicine and attendance for the sick, rest and sufficiency for old age, and sympathy, the true and active sympathy which the poor show to the poor, for the unhappy. There may be worse places than a parish work-house.

The end of the dreary garden edges off into a close-sheltered lane, wandering and winding, like a rivulet, in gentle "sinuosities," amidst green meadows, all alive with cattle, sheep, and beautiful lambs, in the very spring and pride of their tottering prettiness: or fields of arable land, more lively still with troops of stooping bean-setters, women and children, in all varieties of costume and colour; and ploughs and harrows, with their whistling boys and steady carters, going through, with a slow and plodding industry, the main business of this busy season. What work bean-setting is? What a reverse of the position assigned to man to distinguish him from the beasts of the field! Only think of stooping for six, eight, ten hours a day, drilling holes in the earth with a little stick, and then dropping in the beans one by one. They are paid according to the quantity they plant; and some of the poor women used to be accused of clumping them—that is to say, of dropping more than one bean into a hole.

Now a few yards further, and I reach the bank. Ah! I smell them already—their exquisite perfume steams and lingers in this moist heavy air.—Through this little gate, and along the green south bank of this green

wheat field, and they burst upon me, the lovely violets, in tenfold loveliness!—The ground is covered with them, white and purple, enamelling the short dewy grass, looking but the more vividly coloured under the dull, leaden sky. There they lie by hundreds; by thousands. In former years I have been used to watch them from the tiny green bud, till one or two stole into bloom. They never came on me before in such a sudden and luxuriant glory of simple beauty,—and I do really owe one pure and genuine pleasure to feverish London! How beautiful they are placed too, on this sloping bank, with the palm branches waving over them, full of early bees, and mixing their honeyed scent with the more delicate violet odour! How transparent and smooth and lusty are the branches, full of sap and life! And there, just by the old mossy root, is a superb tuft of primroses, with a yellow butterfly hovering over them, like a flower floating on the air. What happiness to sit on this turfy knoll, and fill my basket with the blossoms! What a renewal of youthful joy! To inhabit such a scene of peace and sweetness, is again to be fearless, gay and gentle as a child. Oh that my whole life could pass, enjoying in peace and gratitude the common blessings of Nature, thankful for the simple habits, the healthful temperament, which render them so dear! I can at least snatch and prolong the fleeting pleasure; can fill my basket with pure flowers; can gladden my little home with their sweetness; can divide my treasures with one, a dear one,* who cannot seek them; can see them as I shut my eyes; and dream of them when I fall asleep.

The Invalid to her Friends.

Lines written for a little girl of six years of age, who loved to see her friends look pleasant about her, and would inquire of those who looked sad, "Hast thou not

* The father of the authoress.

a smile for me?"—She had the hip complaint, and at the time this was written, was confined to the splint.

Father! bid the shadows fly,
Dimming now thy anxious eye;
Let thy ceaseless smile impart,
Gladness to thy Mary's heart.
Whilst the day's slow hours go by
Bound and bandaged though I lie,
Kindness still my grief beguiles,
I am comforted by smiles.
'Tis with joy I welcome thee,
Hast thou not a smile for me,
Dear Father?

Mother! on thy tender face,
Inward grief has left its trace;
Sorrows which I may not know,
Weigh thee down in quiet woe;
Sadly tender beam thy eyes,
Where thy helpless daughter lies;
Oh, forget thy grief awhile!
Cheer me with thy own sweet smile!—
Thou my comforter canst be;
Hast thou not a smile for me,
Dear Mother?

Aunties! though your toils may bring
Trouble with his gloomy wing,
Never let his raven plume
Come with you in Mary's room.
Chase his shadows from each brow,
Let them vanish even now;
And when sorrow's struggles cease
In the quietude of peace,
Then come softly in and see,
If you have no smiles for me,
Dear Aunties.

Cousin teacher! though thou be
Sadly touched with care for me;

Yet, oh yet, if tears must flow,
Let me not their falling know;
But whenever I am nigh,
Let the kindness of thy eye,
Bright in sunny smiles be shed
Rainbow like around my bed.
Other eyes thy tears may see,
Keep! oh keep! thy smiles for me,
Dear Cousin.

Sisters! Dear ones! as ye play
Round about me while I lay;
Softly creep, or swiftly run,
I shall mingle in your fun;
In the joy of racing share,
Though I cannot join you there.
But whenever ye pass by,
Light of heart and bright of eye,
Let your faces, gay with glee,
Shed a pleasant smile for me,
Dear Sisters.

Friends! whoever loveth me,
By my couch shall welcome be,
If your faces only wear
Pleasant smiles for me to share.
As a flower, a dew-drooped one,
Gives its burden to the sun,
Then lifts up a modest eye,
In meek beauty, to the sky;
So my joy-touched heart shall be,
If ye bring your smiles for me,
My dear ones.

Should my life in youth decay
As it gently ebbs away,
Tell me, with bright-beaming eyes,
Of the home beyond the skies,
Where the Saviour's smiles still rest
Full of gladness for the blest.

Teach me how to love him more,
That when earthly smiles are o'er,
I, in heavenly bowers, may see
Jesus sweetly smile on me,
My Saviour.

Replication.

Dear One! on the couch of pain
Thy sweet wishes are not vain·
In thy father's eyes, we see
Love-lit smiles that beam for thee.
Brightens, on thy mother's face
Full of feeling's kindest grace,
That sweet smile thou lovest best,
Rich with gladness for thy breast.
Every friend who gathers round,
Brings a face with kindness crowned;
Brings a voice where love is teeming;
Brings an eye where smiles are beaming;—
Brings a heart whose love for thee,
Joy or sorrow shall not vary,
But whose blessing still shall be
On the gentle, patient Mary.
And thy Saviour's love is nigh;
Though thou canst not mark his eye;
Yet his heavenly smilings rest
Sweetly soothing in thy breast;
Strengthening, in that quiet place,
Gentleness and patient grace.
Loved by those who round thee move,
Loved by him, the God of Love!
Smoothly shall thy moments go,—
Or, if Death shall lay thee low,—
Gently shall his hand convey
To the clime of endless day;
Give thee from this world relief,
In a world unknown to grief;
For the smiles that cheered in this,
Give thee smiles of perfect bliss!

The African Slave Trade.—Judge Story.

Part of a Charge, delivered to the Grand Jury of the United States Circuit Court, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1820.

The existence of slavery under any shape, is so repugnant to the natural rights of man and the dictates of justice, that it seems difficult to find for it any adequate justification. It, undoubtedly, had its origin in times of barbarism, and was the ordinary lot of those conquered in war. It was supposed, the conqueror had a right to take the life of his captive, and, by consequence, might well bind him to perpetual servitude. But the position itself, on which this supposed right is founded, is not true. And even, if in such a case, it were possible to contend for the right of slavery, as to the prisoner himself, it is impossible, that it can justly extend to his innocent offspring through the whole line of descent.

In the year 1807, a general prohibition of the traffic in slaves was incorporated into our statute book. About the same period, the British government, after the most severe opposition from slave dealers and their West Indian friends, achieved a similar measure, and enacted general prohibition of the trade, as well to foreign ports as to their colonies. This act was indeed the triumph of virtue, of reason, and of humanity over the hard-heartedness of avarice; and while it was adorned by the brilliant talents of Pitt, Fox, Romilly, and Wilberforce, let us never forget, that its success was principally owing to the modest, but persevering labours of the Quakers; and above all, to the resolute patience and noble philanthropy of the intrepid Thomas Clarkson.

It is a most cheering circumstance, that the examples of the United States and Great Britain, in thus abolishing the slave-trade, have, through the strenuous exertions of the latter, been generally approved throughout the continent of Europe. The government of Great Britain has, indeed, employed the most indefatigable and persevering diligence to accomplish this desirable ob-

ject; and treaties have been made by her with all the principal foreign powers, providing for a total abolition of the trade within a very short period. May America not be behind her in this glorious work; but restore the degraded African to his natural rights.

By our laws, it is made an offence for any person to import or bring, in any manner whatsoever, into the United States or its territories, from any foreign country, any negro, mulatto, or person of colour, with intent to hold, sell or dispose of him as a slave, or to be held to service or labour; and, in general, the prohibitions in these cases extend to all persons who shall abet or aid in these illegal designs. These offences are visited, as well with severe pecuniary and personal penalties, as with the forfeiture of the vessel and equipments, which have been employed in the furtherance of these illegal projects. The President of the United States is also authorized to employ our national vessels and revenue cutters to cruise on the seas, for the purpose of arresting all vessels and persons engaged in this traffic, in violation of our laws; and bounties, as well as a moiety of the captured property, are given to the captors, to stimulate them in the discharge of their duty.

Under such circumstances, it might well be supposed that the slave-trade would, in practice, be extinguished —that virtuous men would by their abhorrence, stay its polluted march, and wicked men would be overawed by its potent punishment. But, unfortunately, the case is far otherwise. We have but too many melancholy proofs, from unquestionable sources, that it is still carried on with all the ferocity and rapacity of former times. Avarice has grown more subtle in its evasion; and watches and seizes its prey with an appetite, quickened, rather than suppressed, by its guilty vigils. American citizens are steeped up to their very mouths (I scarcely use too bold a figure) in this stream of iniquity. They throng the coasts of Africa under the stained flags of Spain and Portugal, sometimes selling abroad "their cargoes of despair," and sometimes bringing them into some of our southern ports, and there, under the forms of the law, defeating the purposes of the law itself, and

legalizing their inhuman but profitable adventures. I wish I could say that New England and New England men were free from this deep pollution. But there is some reason to believe, that they who drive a loathsome traffic, "and buy the muscles and the bones of men," are to be found here also. It is to be hoped the number is small; but our cheeks may well burn with shame while a solitary case is permitted to go unpunished.

How can we justify ourselves, or apologize for an indifference to this subject? Our constitutions of government have declared, that all men are born free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are the right of enjoying their lives, liberties, and property, and of seeking and obtaining their own safety and happiness. May not the miserable African ask, "Am I not a man and a brother?" We boast of our struggle against the encroachments of tyranny, but do we forget, that it assumed the mildest form in which authority ever assailed the rights of its subjects; and yet there are men among us, who think it no wrong to condemn the negro to perpetual slavery?

We believe in the Christian religion. It commands us to have good will to all men; to love our neighbours as ourselves, and to do unto all men as we would they should do unto us. It declares our accountability to the Supreme God for all our actions, and holds out to us a state of future rewards and punishments, as the sanction by which our conduct is to be regulated. And yet there are men, calling themselves Christians, who would degrade the negro by ignorance to a level with the brutes. He alone, of all the rational creation, they seem to think, is to be at once accountable for his actions, and yet his actions are not to be at his own disposal; but his mind, his body, and his feelings are to be sold to perpetual bondage. To me, it appears perfectly clear that the slave trade is equally repugnant to the dictates of reason and religion, and is an offence equally against the laws of God and man.

Let it be considered, that the wretchedness of the victims of this traffic, does not arise from the awful visitation of Providence in the shape of plagues, famines, or

earthquakes, the natural scourges of mankind; but is inflicted by man on man from the love of gold. May we not justly dread the displeasure of that Almighty Being, who is the common father of us all, if we do not, by all means within our power, endeavour to suppress such infamous cruelties! If we cannot, like the good Samaritan, bind up the wounds and soothe the miseries of the friendless Africans, let us not, like the Levite, pass with sullen indifference on the other side. What sight can be more acceptable in the eyes of heaven, than of a good man struggling in the cause of oppressed humanity? What consolation can be more sweet, than the recollection, that at least one human being may have been saved from sacrifice by our vigilance in enforcing the law!

A Rosy Child went Forth to Play.—JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebbed the waters many a mile,
He raised, in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower,—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Called the boy builder home to sleep:
He passed a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair;—
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare!

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe, of mortal birth,

Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory:—What are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not, when the wave goes by!

Military Glory.—Mirage of Life.

Military glory is an object of pursuit to a large number of our fellow creatures. Multitudes of ardent spirits seek the "bubble reputation" as the chief end of life, indifferent to the scenes of misery, with which it is so closely connected. Few illusions, however, are in general more speedily dissipated than this. The youth who, dazzled by a brilliant uniform, quits his native country in search of "glory," soon finds his visions dispersed by the stern realities of a camp, and the hardships of a military life.

In the journal of a soldier, published at the conclusion of the last general war in Europe, an instance of this occurs. The author of it had been induced, in hopes of a life of pleasure, to enlist in the army, and to forsake his quiet and respectable home, greatly to the grief of his parents. A few years afterwards, he was, when serving in the peninsula, glad to be allowed to eat of the biscuits, which he was employed to break for the hounds of the commander-in-chief, at a time when provisions were scarce. "I ate them with tears," he says, "and thought of the Prodigal Son." Full of self-confidence, the young soldiers who attended Napoleon in his expedition to Moscow, shouted, as they left Paris, "We shall be back in six months!" In a few months, the mighty host of Napoleon, except a small remnant, was buried in the snows of Russia. In the life of Lord Nelson, it is striking to observe, that, nearly at the time when the various potentates of Europe were showering down upon him presents of diamond-hilted

swords, gold snuff-boxes, and crosses of honour, he was himself unable to enjoy his greatness, having for months been deprived of sleep by the injury done to a nerve, in the amputation of one of his arms.

One of the most remarkable instances, however, of the inability of military glory, when enjoyed to its full extent, to confer happiness on its possessor, is to be found in the life of Lord Clive, the founder of the British empire in India.

Robert, afterwards Lord Clive, was born in Shropshire, in the year 1729, of parents in no way distinguished for opulence or rank.

At an early period of his life, he proceeded as a mercantile clerk to India, having received an appointment in the East India Company's service. This situation he soon resigned, and obtained one in the army. His military career presents an almost unbroken series of victories and successes. He laid the foundation of the British empire in India, and displayed in the art of war a genius equal to that of the most experienced commanders. In effecting his objects, no scruple of conscience was allowed to check him. "He no sooner," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "found himself matched against an Indian intriguer, than he became himself one, and descended to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of signatures." He had aimed, however, at worldly greatness, and he gained his end. Wealth was heaped upon him in piles. One Indian prince gave him a pension of £30,000 a year; another a present of £300,000. There was, indeed, no limit to his acquisitions but his own moderation. "Had you seen," said he, on one occasion, "the treasury of the Nabob, and the piles of gold, silver, and diamonds, amidst which I walked, you would have thought me moderate in taking the above sum." He gained the highest honours, also. When a youth of twenty-seven, he received from the East India Company a diamond-hilted sword; and was thrice appointed to the highest offices at their disposal. His sovereign elevated him to the peerage; and the great Earl of Chatham praised him in the British senate, as

a distinguished genius, and master of the art of war. "The whole kingdom," wrote his father, "is in transports at the glory and success you have gained. Come away, and let us rejoice together." Laden with honours, with wealth, and with glory, Clive returned to England in the prime of life, intending to devote himself to the enjoyment of his immense fortune. Here, then, it may be thought, was one, at least, whose acquisitions were substantial, who had found the substance and not the shadow. Alas! it was only a delusion. The years of enjoyment to which he had looked forward were filled with melancholy and dissatisfaction. An impeachment against him, contemplated by the House of Commons, threatened to strip him of all his wealth. It was with some difficulty quashed; but Clive's spirits never recovered the blow. Having sought prosperity without reference to the Divine favour, his mind, in the retrospect of life, found no point of satisfaction on which it could repose. Wedded to glory, and pluming himself on his vast achievements, his pride was wounded by the treatment he had received. He, who had conquered so many provinces, was unable to subdue his own spirit; and poor amidst abundant wealth—wretched amidst a load of honours—he terminated his life by his own hand! Such was the end of a career, brilliant with success, but uncontrolled by religious principle. He had pursued "glory" as his end in life, and he had found it deceitful as the mirage of the desert.

Be Kind.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo, on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee she will pray
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en down to the valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever we are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

Wealth not Happiness.—MIRAGE OF LIFE.

Many men are so eager in the pursuit of riches, that one might suppose they thought wealth would make them happy. Yet, when their exertions have been successful, how often are they disappointed in the enjoyment they had hoped to derive from this source. An energetic merchant, almost in the prime of life, had succeeded in realizing a fortune of $500,000 by incessant toil. The time for retiring to enjoy his hard-wor earnings at last came ; but a fit of paralysis, brought on

by excessive labour, shattered his frame, and reduced him to a state of pitiable helplessness.

The Duke of Marlborough used to walk through the rain at night to save sixpence, and accumulated a fortune of millions of dollars. "Would he have taken all these pains," asks a writer, "could he have foreseen that after his death his fortune would, in the course of a few years, pass into the hands of a family which he had always opposed and regarded as his enemies?" Dr. King, in the anecdotes of his own times, speaks of an acquaintance, who went back a long distance to exchange a bad halfpenny which he had taken from the waiter of a coffee-room. He died worth more than £200,000; but his fortune, from want of a will, was divided amongst six day-labourers, for whom, when living, he had had no regard. He had heaped up riches, without knowing who should gather them. A late Scottish nobleman, accompanying a friend to the summit of a hill which overlooked his lordship's estates, after explaining that, as far as the eye could reach, the country was his property, stated, in reply to the remark, "Surely your lordship must be a happy man," that he did not believe there was in all the vast circuit that met their gaze an individual so unhappy as himself.

Elwes, the miser, when worth half a million, wore clothes so ragged, that many persons, mistaking him for a common street beggar, would put a penny into his hand as they passed. He would pick up bones and rags. He would glean with his tenants in his fields, and complain bitterly of the crows robbing him of so much hay with which to build their nests. He, however, gained his end in life. He accumulated nearly a million of money, but found, when he had done so, that the object of his search was full of dissatisfaction. His last days, we are told, were imbittered by anxiety about the preservation of his property. He would start from his sleep, exclaiming, "My money! my money! You shall not rob me of my money." At the dead of night he was found wandering through his house, bemoaning the loss of a five-pound note, which he had hid in a place that he could not remember; and, although then

a millionaire, protesting that the note was nearly all he had in the world! His last hours were filled with gloom and anxiety. He died wretched and unhappy, possessing such extensive wealth, and yet finding it unable to supply the wants of an immortal spirit.

Winter.—Mary Howitt.

There's not a flower upon the hill,
  There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine! singing now
  In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's silence in the harvest field;
  And blackness in the mountain glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill tops for many a day;
  And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look;
  The lonesome place is yet more dreary;
They go not now, the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold;
The air is damp, the winds are cold;
  And summer paths are wet and weary.

The drooping year is in the wane,
  No longer floats the thistle-down;
The crimson heath is wan and sere;
The sedge hangs withering by the mere,
  And the broad fern is rent and brown.

The owl sits huddling by himself,
  The cold has pierced his body thorough;
The patient cattle hang their head;
The deer are 'neath their winter shed;
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,
  And each small thing within its burrow.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate!—
Its pains are great its foes are strong:
The rich man, in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays that the winter be not long!

One silent night hath passed, and, lo!
How beautiful the earth is now!
All aspect of decay is gone,
The hills have put their vesture on,
And clothed is the forest bough.

Say not 'tis an unlovely time!
Turn to the wide, white waste thy view;
Turn to the silent hills that rise,
In their cold beauty, to the skies;
And to those skies intensely blue.

Silent, not sad, the scene appeareth;
And fancy, like a vagrant breeze,
Ready a-wing for flight, doth go
To the cold northern land of snow,
Beyond the icy Orcades.

The land of ice, the land of snow,
The land that hath no summer flowers,
Where never living creature stood;
The wild, dim, polar solitude;
How different from this land of ours!

Walk now among the forest trees,—
Said'st thou that they were stripped and bare?
Each heavy bough is bending down

With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown
Which winter regally doth wear.

'Tis well—thy summer garden ne'er
Was lovelier, with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
Wreathing around thee shadowy bowers!

'Tis night! Oh, now come forth to gaze
Upon the heavens, intense and bright!
Look on yon myriad worlds, and say,
Though beauty dwelleth with the day,
Is not God manifest by night?

Thou that created'st all! Thou fountain
Of our sun's light—who dwellest far
From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet, ever present; who dost heed
Our spirits in their human need,
We bless thee, Father, that we *are!*

We bless thee for our inward life;
For its immortal date decreeing;
For that which comprehendeth thee,
A spark of thy divinity,
Which is the being of our being!

We bless thee for this bounteous earth;
For its increase—for corn and wine;
For forest oaks, for mountain rills,
For "cattle on a thousand hills;"
We bless thee—for all good is thine!

The earth is thine, and it thou keepest,
That man may labour not in vain;
Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
Seed-time and harvest come from thee,
The early and the latter rain!

The earth is thine—the summer earth;
Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing birds, and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—the teeming earth;
In the rich bounteous time of seed,
When man goes forth in joy to reap,
And gathers up his garnered heap,
Against the time of storm and need.

The earth is thine—when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree;
When from the north the fierce winds blow,
When falleth fast the mantling snow;
The earth pertaineth still to thee!

The earth is thine—thy creature, man!
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine;
Darkness and light, and life and death;
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
Creator! Father! all are thine!

Salmon Fishing by Otters.

In ascending a river, if the banks will admit, the otter invariably leaves the water at the rapids, and takes the shore to the next pool; so that, if there is an otter on the stream, his *up*-track is sure to be found at those places. In returning, however, he will often float down the rapids with the current. The prints which I found in the sand had been made during the night. There was a *chance* that the otters had not returned, and I climbed into the oak over the pool, to see what might come down. Enveloped in the screen of leaves, which the brightness of the surrounding sun made more obscure within, I had a view up the rapid above and

into the pool beyond. I had sat in the oak for about half an hour, with my eyes fixed on the stream, and my back against the elastic branch by which I was supported, and rocked into a sort of dreamy repose—when I was roused by a flash in the upper pool, a ripple on its surface, and then a running swirl, and something that leaped, and plunged, and disappeared. I watched without motion for some moments, but nothing came up, and I began to think that it was only one of those large, lazy salmon, which neither the wing of a peacock, nor bird of paradise, nor any other delusion in gold or silver, can tempt to the surface, but which, after refusing all which art can offer, comes weltering up from the bottom, and throws himself splash over the line! Just then, I saw two dark objects bobbing like ducks down the rapid, between the two pools, but immediately, as they came near, distinguished the round, staring, goggle-eyed heads of two otters, floating one after the other, their legs spread out like flying squirrels, and steering with their tails, the tips of which showed above the water as the rudder of an Elbe boat. Down they came, as flat as floating skins upon the water, but their round short heads, and black eyes constantly in motion, examining with eager vigilance every nook and rock which they passed. I looked down into the pool below me—it was as clear as amber—and behind a large boulder of granite, in about eight feet of water, I saw three salmon, a large one lying just at the back of the stone, and two smaller holding against the stream in the same line. The otters pursued the large salmon.

The skill with which they pursued their game, was like that of a well trained greyhound in a course; whenever they came to the throat of the pool, they pressed the fish hard to make him double into the clear water, and one was always vigilant to make him rise or turn, the increased efforts of which exhausted his strength. With equal sagacity, they worked him at the tail of the pool, to prevent him descending the rapid. Twice, in returning, as the fish doubled round a boulder behind which he had originally lain, the nearest otter made a counter-turn in the opposite direction, and caught the salmon

as they met, silvering the water with a flash of flying scales. With this race, the fish began to tire, and the otters continued to press him, till at last all three appeared turning, and struggling, and knitting together, in the deep water, came up to the surface in a heap, rolled over and over, the otters coiled in a ring, and the fish splashing between them, and striking the water with its tail, till suddenly all disappeared, and left a thick circle of bubbles. In a few moments they rose again, skimmed on the surface, turned over, and spun round like a wheel; but by this time, one of the otters had fixed the fish behind the shoulder fin, and both were working towards the further bank. Opposite to the "salmon stone," where the fish had originally lain, and where his predecessors had lain ever since the boulder was left in the bottom of the river, there was one of those green tumuli called the otters' heap, formed where they and their forefathers have sat to eat their prey, and by the remains which they have left, perhaps for three hundred years. It was, as they generally are, a little, smooth, green heap, verdant from the rich manure of scales and fish bones; a round, velvet cushion. Thither the otters retired, not only to draw breath, but something else equally agreeable to them. As they dragged the fish up the bank, he appeared quite dead, and they had just reached their heap, when there came a whistle from the Logie Brae, and a whoop which startled them from their busy work. For a moment they watched and listened, then slid to the water's edge like eels, hearkened again, turned their long curved whiskers over the edge of the pool, and slipped into the water without leaving a ripple on the surface. The whoop and the whistle died away, but they never returned or gave the slightest eddy, rise, or bubble, that might tell how or where they left the pool. I could easily have shot them both during their hunt, and more surely when trailing the fish up the bank, for they were not thirty paces distant, but the intense interest of their chase left no other thought, and I was curious to see the end of their proceedings, when they were interrupted by the noise from the top of the brae. Seeing there was

nothing more to be done, I descended from my tree, and carried home the salmon, which weighed twelve pounds and a half.

The Scarlet Verbena.

Thou art not one of the wild flowers, that strewed my childhood's path;
Thy breath, no scent of childhood hours or childhood memories, hath;
But though of late acquaintanceship, I love thee passing well;
Thou blooms't at all times of the year, of pleasant thoughts to tell.

And now in winter's sternest hour, when winds keen-piercing blow,
And on the hills and in the vales, pile high the drifting snow;
When frost is on the window-pane, and ice is on the sill,
Thy radiant blossoms deck thee forth, in scarlet beauty still.

But though *within* thou dwellest, 'tis not the *fireside glow*,
Which bids thy verdant leaves unfold, thy scarlet flow-'rets blow;
For never would thy bloom expand upon that inner air,
Did not the sun shine through the pane, and warmly greet thee there.

Thus as the bright Verbena turns her blossoms to the light,
As if to thank the genial ray, which makes their hue so bright;

So should st thou turn thy grateful thoughts unto the
Sun of heaven,
And warmly bless the living light, which is so kindly
given.

And as the grateful plant receives the sun's awakening
beam,
And answers it with verdant leaf, and flower of scarlet
gleam;
So thou receive, with humble heart, the sunbeam from
above;
And let the buddings forth of life be holiness and love.

The Sand Wasp.—Wm. Howitt.

In all my observations of the habits of living things, I have never seen any thing more curious than the doings of one species of these lovers of sand. I have watched them day after day, and hour after hour, and always with unabated wonder. They are about an inch long, with orange-coloured bodies, and black heads and wings. They are slender and most active. You see them on the warm borders of the garden, or on warm, dry banks, in summer, when the sun shines hotly. They are incessantly and actively hunting about. They are in pursuit of a particular kind of gray spider. They come flying at a rapid rate, light down on the dry soil, and commence an active search. The spiders lie under the leaves of plants, and in little dens under the dry little clods. Into all these places the sand-wasp pops his head. He bustles along here and there, flirting his wings, and his whole body all life and fire. And now he moves off to a distance, hunts about there, then back to his first place, beats the old ground carefully over, as a pointer beats a field. He searches carefully round every little knob of earth, and pops his head into every crevice. Ever and anon he crouches close among the little clods, as a tiger would crouch for his prey. He

seems to be listening, or smelling down into the earth, as if to discover his prey by every sense which he possesses. He goes round every stalk, and descends into every hollow about them. When he finds the spider, he dispatches him in a moment, and seizing him by the centre of his chest, commences dragging him off backward.

He conveys his prey to a place of safety. Frequently he carries it up some inches into a plant, and lodges it among the green leaves. Seeing him do this, I poked his spider down with a stick after he had left it; but he speedily returned, and finding it fallen down, he immediately carried it up again to the same place.

Having thus secured his spider, he selects a sunny and warm spot of earth, and begins to dig a pit. He works with all his might, digging up the earth with his formidable mandibles, and throwing it out with his feet, as a dog throws out the earth when scratching after a rabbit. Every few seconds he ascends, tail first, out of his hole, clears away the earth about its mouth with his legs, and spreads it to a distance on the surface. When he has dug the hole, perhaps two inches deep, he comes forth eagerly, goes off for his spider, drags it down from its lodgment, and brings it to the mouth of his hole. He now lets himself down the hole, tail first, and then, putting forth his head, takes the spider, and turns it into the most suitable position for dragging it in.

It must be observed that this hole is made carefully of only about the width of his body, and therefore the spider can not be got into it except lengthwise, and then by stout pulling. Well, he turns it lengthwise, and seizing it, commences dragging it in. At first, you would imagine this impossible; but the sand-wasp is strong, and the body of the spider is pliable. You soon see it disappear. Down into the cylindrical hole it goes, and anon you perceive the sand-wasp pushing up its black head beside it; and having made his way out, he again sets to work, and pushes the spider to the bottom of the den.

And what is all this for? Is the spider laid up in his larder for himself? No; it is food for his children. It

is their birth-place, and their supply of provision while they are in the larva state.

We have been all along calling this creature he, for it has a most masculine look; but it is in reality the female sand-wasp, and all this preparation is for the purpose of laying her eggs. For this she has sought and killed the spider, and buried it here. She has done it all wittingly. She has chosen one particular spider, and that only, for that is the one peculiarly adapted to nourish her young.

So here it is safely stored away in her den; and she now descends, tail first, and piercing the pulpy abdomen of the spider, she deposits her egg or eggs. That being done, she carefully begins filling in the hole with earth. She rakes it up with her legs and mandibles, and fills in the hole, every now and then turning round and going backward into the hole to stamp down the earth with her feet, and to ram it down with her body as a rammer. When the hole is filled, it is curious to observe with what care she levels the surface, and removes the surrounding lumps of earth, laying some first over the tomb of the spider, and others about, so as to make that place look as much as possible like the surface all round. And before she has done with it—and she works often for ten minutes at this levelling and disguising before she is perfectly satisfied—she makes the place so exactly like all the rest of the surface, that it will require good eyes and close observation, to recognize it.

She has now done her part, and Nature must do the rest. She has deposited her eggs in the body of the spider, and laid that body in the earth in the most sunny spot she can find. She has laid it so near the surface, that the sun will act on it powerfully, yet deep enough to conceal it from view. She has, with great art and anxiety, destroyed all traces of the hole, and the effect will soon commence. The heat of the sun will hatch the egg. The larva, or young grub of the sand-wasp, will become alive, and begin to feed on the pulpy body of the spider in which it is enveloped. This food will suffice it till it is ready to emerge to daylight, and pass through the different stages of its existence. Like the

ostrich, the sand-wasp thus leaves her egg in the sand till the sun hatches it, and having once buried it, most probably never knows herself where it is deposited. It is left to Nature and Providence.

Look Aloft.—JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

When the late Dr. Godman was employed as a sailor on board of a vessel in Chesapeake Bay, an incident occurred which made a strong impression upon his mind, and to which he attributed much of the buoyancy and energy of his character. A raw sailor, who had been sent aloft by the captain, and was busy in performing some duty which required him to stoop, was observed to falter and grow dizzy.—"*Look aloft,*" cried the captain, and the fainting landsman, as he instinctively obeyed the order, recovered his strength and steadiness. The young philosopher read a moral in this trifling incident, which he never forgot, and which frequently animated and cheered him in the most adverse circumstances. It is not treating the subject with undue levity to add, that in the last and closing scene of his life, when the earth was receding from his view, and his failing strength admonished him of his peril, the watchword was still ringing in his ear. At that awful period, he "looked aloft" to "worlds beyond the skies," and derived strength and hope, which supported him in his passage through the narrow valley.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy courage depart,—
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,—
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest and nearest thy heart,—
Thy friends and relations—in sorrow depart,—
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that clime where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh, when Death comes with his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,—
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart.

Military Honour.

The idea of honour has been associated with war. But to whom does the honour belong? The mass of the people who stay at home and hire others to fight; who sleep in their warm beds, and hire other to sleep on the cold and damp earth; who sit at their well spread board, and hire others to take their chance of starving; who nurse the slightest hurt in their bodies, and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds, and to linger in comfortless hospitals; certainly this mass reap little honour from war. The honour belongs to those immediately engaged in it, if to any.

Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant, and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and

orphans. Are these honourable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of evil spirits, would you not naturally select such as these?

We have thought that it was honourable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts be honourable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

Christian Kindness to Animals.—PROFESSOR UPHAM.

It is a part of Christianity to treat animals with kindness. My heart is often deeply pained at seeing them made to suffer unnecessarily. Not long since I saw a bird mortally wounded; and as I witnessed its dying struggles, and thought by contrast of its joyous flight in the free air, just before, I mourned deeply over its fate. This incident was the origin of the following verses:—

The Wounded Bird.

Poor wounded bird! my bosom aches for thee,
As I thy torn and bleeding form behold,
Wide in the sky no more thou shalt unfold
Thy wings, exulting in their liberty.

It was but yester morn I saw thee blest,
I marked thy plumage gay, and heard thee sing,
And watched thee upward on thy early wing,
Before the sunbeam found thy dewy nest.

Thou wast a tenant of the boundless air;
Thy song, at coming morn, rejoicing loud,
Thrilled from the bosom of the golden cloud,
And thou didst float in light and beauty there.

Poor bird! I would that I could bring relief,
And call thee back to joys and songs again;
But that can never be; my tears are vain;
And thou shalt bow thy head in early grief.

I see thy heaving heart with throbs dilate;
I mark the shadows of thy closing eye;
Yes, thou art fallen low, but shalt not die
Without a friend to mourn thy cruel fate.

Sagacity of the Spaniel.—MARY R. MITFORD.

The blacksmith of a small village in Buckinghamshire went blind, and was prevented from pursuing his occupation. He found, however, a friend in the surgeon of the neighbourhood, a man of singular kindness and benevolence, who employed him to carry out medicines, which he was enabled to do by the aid of a dog and a chain. But old John was a severe man, and of his dogs many died, and many ran away. At last, he had the good fortune to light upon Bramble, a large black-and-white spaniel, of remarkable symmetry and beauty, with wavy hair, very long ears, feathered legs and a bushy tail, and with sagacity and fidelity equal to his beauty. Under Bramble's guidance, blind John performed his journeys; wherever the poor dog had been once, he was sure to know his way again; and he appeared to discover, as if by instinct, to what place his master wished to go. One point of his conduct was peculiarly striking. He constantly accompanied his master to meeting, and lay there perfectly quiet during the whole time. For three years that he formed regularly one of the congregation, he was never known to move or to make the slightest noise.

One bitter night old John had been on a journey to Woburn, and not returning at his usual hour, the relations with whom he lived went to bed, as it was not uncommon for the blind man, when engaged on a longer

expedition than usual, to sleep from home. The cottage was accordingly shut up, and the inhabitants, tired with labour, went to bed and slept soundly. The people at a neighbouring cottage, however, fancied that they heard, during the long winter night, repeated howlings as of a dog in distress; and when they rose in the morning, the first thing they heard was, that old John lay dead in a ditch not far from his own door. The poor dog was found close by the body; and it was ascertained by the marks on the path, that he had dragged his chain backward and forward from the ditch to the cottage, in the vain hope of procuring such assistance as might possibly have saved his master.

Happily for Bramble, the benevolent surgeon, always his very good friend, was called in to examine if any spark of life remained in the body; and he having ascertained that poor John was fairly dead, told the story of the faithful dog to his present mistress, with whom Bramble is as happy as the day is long.

It is comfortable to meet with a bit of that justice which, because it is so rare, people call poetical, in real actual life; and I believe that in this case, Bramble's felicity is quite equal to his merits, high as they undoubtedly are. The only drawback that I have ever heard hinted at, is a tendency on his part to grow overfat; a misfortune which doubtless results from his present good feed, coming after a long course of starvation.

Now that I am telling these stories of dogs, I cannot resist the temptation of recording one short anecdote of my pet spaniel, Dash, a magnificent animal, of whose beauty I have spoken elsewhere, and who really does all but speak himself.

Every Spring I go to the Silchester woods, to gather wild lilies of the valley. Last year, the numbers were, from some cause or other, greatly diminished: the roots, it is true, were there, but so scattered over the beautiful terraces of that unrivalled amphitheatre of woods, and the blossoms so rare, that in the space of several acres, thinly covered with the plants and their finely-lined transparent green leaves, it was difficult to procure half a dozen of those delicate flower-stalks, hung with snowy

bells, and, amidst the shifting lights and shadows of the coppice, where the sunbeams seemed to dance through the branches, still more difficult to discover the few that there were. I went searching drearily through the wood, a little weary of seeking and not finding, when Dash, who had been on his own devices after pheasants and hares, returning to me, tired with his sort of sport, began to observe mine; and discerning my object and my perplexity, went gravely about the coppice, lily hunting; finding them far more quickly than I did, stopping, wagging his tail, and looking round at me by the side of every flower, until I came and gathered it; and then, as soon as I had secured one, pursuing his search after another, and continuing to do so without the slightest intermission until it was time to go home. I am half afraid to tell this story, although it is as true as that there are lilies in Silchester wood; and the anecdote of Cowper's dog Beau and the water-lily is somewhat of a case in point. Whether Dash found the flowers by scent or by sight, I cannot tell: probably by the latter.

Silent Rebuke

About the year 1780, the Society of Friends in Virginia were endeavouring to withdraw their members from the practice of slaveholding. To promote this object, committees were appointed to visit those Friends who continued to hold slaves. C. Moreman, one of this class, was very indignant at what he considered an impertinent interference with private property. He owned a farm, and appears to have been circumstanced as many slaveholders now are, that is, just able to live, without increasing his estate. He probably supposed, that as he could only just live *with* his slaves to assist him, he would not be able to live at all *without* them. During five or six weeks that elapsed, after the appointment, before any visit was paid, his mind was agitated with angry passions. Sometimes he thought, that if the

Friends should come to his house, he would turn them out of doors; or if they came when he was out, he would stay out and not afford them an opportunity of speaking with him on the subject. At length, he was informed that the committee had come. Notwithstanding his previous reflections, he did not feel quite stubborn enough to stay away from his own house. The committee, upon meeting him, accosted him in a very friendly manner, and informed him, that as they were visiting their Friends, they had taken the liberty of calling upon him, and if he would be so kind as to give them and their horses something to eat, it would be gratefully accepted. This amicable commencement of an unwelcome visit, had considerable effect toward stripping C. Moreman of his arms; and his Virginian hospitality could not refuse their request. Their horses were therefore fed, and a dinner provided for themselves. After the repast was over, the committee and their irritable host sat down together in silence; the latter being ready to fire the moment the battle should begin.

After the silence had continued for a time, one of the committee whispered to another, till the whisper had gone round; and one of them spoke out, with the observation, that they had been kindly entertained, and if they had their horses they would ride. Their horses being brought up, the Friends took an affectionate leave of their host, and, without saying a word about his slaves, left him to his own reflections.

This mode of treating the case, so unexpected to C. Moreman, and probably also to the committee, had considerable effect upon the former. He began to reflect upon the vileness of his own mind, which had been for several weeks working like a troubled sea, and throwing up mire and dirt to cast upon a number of inoffensive Friends, who evidently had nothing in their hearts but love towards him.

These reflections were well calculated to suggest the suspicion, that slaveholding was not quite so just a practice as he had imagined, and that, very possibly, those who were striving, in the spirit of love, to withdraw their friends from it, might be much nearer the kingdom of

Heaven, than those who were inclined to enlist their angry passions in its defence.

These reflections, in conjunction with a remarkable dream he had about that time, so wrought upon him, that he concluded to emancipate all the slaves he had; and carried this conclusion into effect.

Being a man of considerable mechanical ingenuity, he set to work to make a kind of tub-mill, for which the situation of the country created a demand, probably to make Indian corn into hominy. As land there was cheap, and mechanical skill was dear, he soon saved money enough to purchase a second farm. The country being sufficiently furnished with tub-mills, he took up some other mechanical employment, and in a short time was able to purchase a third farm; and gave it as his opinion, that if he had retained his slaves, he would have possessed but the one farm.

Hymn.—ADDISON.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Iron and Lead.—Evenings at Home.

Harry. Is not iron the most useful of all metals?

Tutor. I think it is; and it is likewise the most common, for there are few countries in the world, possessing hills and rocks, where it is not found. Iron is one of the hardest of metals, the most elastic or springy, very tenacious or difficult to break, and more difficult to melt than most of the others.

George. It is said to be difficult to break; but I snapped the blade of a penknife the other day by only bending it a little; and my mother is continually breaking her needles.

Tut. Properly objected; but the qualities of iron differ extremely, according to the method of preparing it. There are forged iron, cast iron, and steel, which are very different from each other. Iron, when first melted from its ore, has little malleability, and the vessels and other implements, that are made of it in that state, by casting into moulds, are easily broken. It acquires toughness and malleability by *forging*, which is done by beating it, when red-hot, with heavy hammers, till it becomes ductile and flexible. Steel is made by heating small bars of iron with charcoal, bone, and horn shavings, or other inflammable matters, by which it acquires a finer grain, and more compact texture, and becomes harder, and more elastic. Steel may be rendered either very flexible or brittle, by different

manners of *tempering*, which is performed by heating, and then quenching it in water.

Geo. All cutting instruments are made of steel, are they not?

Tut. Yes; and the very fine-edged ones are generally tempered brittle, as razors, penknives, and surgeons' instruments; but sword-blades are made flexible, and the best of them will bend double without breaking or becoming crooked. The steel of which springs are made has the highest possible degree of elasticity given it. A watch-spring is one of the most perfect examples of this kind. Steel for ornaments is made extremely hard and close-grained, so as to bear an exquisite polish. Common hammered iron is chiefly used for works of strength, as horse-shoes, bars, bolts, and the like. Cast iron is used for pots and caldrons, grates, pillars, and many other purposes in which hardness, without flexibility is wanted.

Geo. What a vast variety of uses this metal is put to!

Tut. Yes; I know not when I should have done, if I were to tell you of all.

Har. Then I think it is really more valuable than gold, though it is so much cheaper.

Tut. Few circumstances denote the progress of the arts in a country more than having attained the full use of iron, without which, scarcely any manufacture or machinery can be brought to perfection. From the difficulty of melting it out of the ore, many nations have been longer in discovering it, than some of the other metals. The Greeks, in Homer's time, seem to have employed copper or brass for their weapons much more than iron; and the Mexicans, and Peruvians, who possessed gold and silver, were unacquainted with iron, when the Spaniards invaded them.

Geo. Iron is very subject to rust, however.

Tut. It is so, and that is one of its worst properties. Every liquor, and even a moist air corrode it. But the rust of iron is not pernicious, on the contrary, it is a very useful medicine.

Geo. I have heard of steel drops, and steel filings given for medicine.

Tut. Yes; iron is given in a variety of forms, and the property of them all is to strengthen the constitution. Many springs are made medicinal by the iron that they dissolve in the bowels of the earth. These are called *chalybeate* waters, and they may be known by their inky taste, and the rust-coloured sediment they leave in their course.

Har May we drink such water if we meet with it?

Tut. Yes; it will do you no harm. There is one other property of iron, well worth knowing, and that is, that it is attracted by the magnet or loadstone.

Geo. I had a magnet once that would take up needles and keys; but it seemed a bar of iron itself.

Tut. True. The real loadstone, which is a particular ore of iron, can communicate its virtue to a piece of iron by rubbing it; nay, a bar of iron itself, in length of time, by being placed in a particular position, will acquire the same property. Well, now to another metal. I dare say you can tell me a good deal about *lead?*

Har. I know several things about it. It is very heavy, and soft, and easily melted.

Tut. True; these are some of its distinguishing properties.

Geo. Lead is very malleable, I think?

Tut. Yes; it may be beaten out into a pretty thin leaf, but it will not bear drawing into fine wire. It is not only very fusible, but very readily oxidized by heat, changing into a powder, or a scaly matter, which may be made to take all colours by the fire, from yellow to deep red. You have seen red lead?

Geo. Yes.

Tut. That is oxide of lead exposed for a considerable time to a strong flame.

Geo. What is white lead?

Tut. It is a carbonate of lead. Lead, in various forms, is much used by painters. Its oxides dissolve in oil, and are employed for the purpose of thickening paint and making it dry All lead paints, however, are

unwholesome, and the fumes of lead, when melted, are likewise pernicious. This is the cause why painters and plumbers are so subject to various diseases, particularly violent colics and palsies. The white-lead manufacture is so hurtful to the health, that the workmen, in a short time, are apt to lose the use of their limbs, and be otherwise severely indisposed.

Geo. I wonder, then, that anybody will work in it.

Tut. High wages are sufficient to induce them. But it is to be lamented, that in a great many manufactures the health and lives of individuals are sacrificed to the convenience and profit of the community. Lead, too, when dissolved, as it may be in all sour liquors, is a slow poison, and the more dangerous, as it gives no disagreeable taste. A salt of lead made with vinegar, is so sweet, as to be called the sugar of lead. It has been too common to put this, or some other preparation of lead into sour wines, in order to cure them; and much mischief has been done by this practice.

Geo. If lead is poisonous, is it not wrong to make water-pipes and cisterns of it?

Tut. This has been objected to; but it does not appear that water can dissolve any of the lead. Nor does it readily rust in the air, and, hence, it is used to cover buildings with, as well as to line spouts and water-courses. For these purposes, the lead is cast into sheets, which are easily cut and hammered into any shape.

Har. Bullets and shot, too, are made of lead.

Tut. They are; and in this way they are ten times more destructive than as a poison.

Zion.—NEWTON.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
  Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
  Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
  What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:—
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests his solemn praises,
Each, for a thank offering, brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

Praise.—BARBAULD.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the grape's delicious juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours,
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

These to thee, O God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thy alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

A Patch on both Knees and Gloves on.

When I was a boy, it was my lot to breathe, for a long time, what some writers call "the bracing air of poverty." My mother was what is commonly called an ambitious woman, for that quality, which overturns thrones, and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, were they told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would recall their own experiences, would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion, which shrouds from common eyes the mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send me upon an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom, it was desirable I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms, which the tooth of time had made in them; and, by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savour and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer, and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and, surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, "*A patch on both knees and gloves on!*"

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind, and in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, but rather, by example, teaching them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which qualify them to fill honourably the posts to which they aspire, I recall *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind, and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, "*A patch on both knees and gloves on!*"

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity, when I see fine women be-satined and be-jewelled, cheapening the toils of dressmakers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence, when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on!*

The Sea Gull.

Oh! the white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull,
A joyful bird is he,
As he lies like a cradled thing at rest
In the arms of a sunny sea!
The little waves rock to and fro,
And the white gull lies asleep,
As the fisher's bark, with breeze and tide,
Goes merrily over the deep.
The ship, with her fair sails set, goes by,
And her people stand to note,
How the sea-gull sits on the rocking waves
As still as an anchored boat.
The sea is fresh, the sea is fair,
And the sky calm overhead,

And the sea-gull lies on the deep, deep sea,
Like a king in his royal bed!

Oh! the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,
A joyful bird is he,
Sitting, like a king, in calm repose
On the breast of the heaving sea!
The waves leap up, the wild wind blows,
And the gulls together crowd,
And wheel about, and madly scream
To the sea, that is roaring loud;—
And let the sea roar ever so loud,
And the winds pipe ever so high,
With a wilder joy the bold sea-gull
Sendeth forth a wilder cry.
For the sea-gull he is a daring bird,
And he loves with the storm to sail;
To ride in the strength of the billowy sea;
And to breast the driving gale!
The little boat she is tossed about,
Like a sea-weed to and fro;
The tall ship reels like a drunken man,
As the gusty tempests blow;
But the sea-gull laughs at the pride of man,
And sails in a wild delight
On the torn-up breast of the night-black sea,
Like a foam-cloud, calm and white.
The waves may rage, and the winds may roar,
But he fears not wreck nor need,
For he rides the sea, in its stormy strength,
As a strong man rides his steed!

Oh! the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,
He makes on the shore his nest,
And he tries what the inland fields may be;
But he loveth the sea the best?
And away from land, a thousand leagues
He goes 'mid surging foam;
What matter to him is land or shore,
For the sea is his truest home!

And away to the north 'mong ice-rocks stern,
And among the frozen snow,
To a sea that is lone and desolate,
Will the wanton sea-gull go.
For he careth not for the winter wild,
Nor those desert regions chill;
In the midst of the cold, as on calm, blue seas,
The sea-gull hath his will!
And the dead whale lies on the northern shores,
And the seal, and the sea-horse grim,
And the death of the great sea-creatures makes
A full, merry feast for him.

Oh! the wild sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,
As he screams in his wheeling flight:
As he sits on the waves in storm or calm,
All cometh to him aright!
All cometh to him as he liketh best,
Nor any his will gainsay;
And he rides on the waves like a bold, young king,
That was crowned but yesterday!

The Dingo.—Louisa A. Meredith.

The Dingo, or native dog of Australia, is evidently a species of wolf, or perhaps the connecting link between the wolf and dog. These creatures were very numerous around us, during our stay at Bathurst, and their howling or yelling at night, in the neighbouring forests, had a most dismal, unearthly kind of tone. They are more the figure of the Scotch colly, or sheep-dog, than any other I can think of as a comparison, but considerably larger, taller, and more gaunt-looking, with shaggy, wiry hair, and most often of a sandy colour. Their appearance is altogether wolfish, and the expression of the head especially so, nor do their ferocious habits by any means weaken the likeness.

We had a number of calves, which, for greater safety

from these savage animals, were folded at night in one of the old orchards adjoining the house; but several of the poor little ones fell victims to the dingoes. Shortly after our arrival at our new residence, we were one night alarmed by a fearful outcry among the calves, and my husband, who instantly divined the cause, got up, and found several dingoes dragging along one of the youngest of the herd; as they ran away he fired, but the night being thickly dark, the brutes escaped. The cries of terror among the poor calves had brought all the cows to the spot, and the indescribable moaning and bellowing they continued until morning, showed their instinctive knowledge of the danger. The poor wounded calf was so much injured that it died the following day, and its unhappy mother, after watching and comforting it as long as life remained, never ceased her cries and moans till she entirely lost her voice from hoarseness. I have rarely seen anything more distressing than the poor animal's misery; and to prevent such an occurrence again, the youngest calves were always locked in the stable at night.

The dingoes rarely kill their victim at once, but coolly commence *eating* it, at whatever part they chance to have first laid hold of, three or four often gnawing at the unfortunate animal together.

Their audacity, too, is quite equal to their other engaging qualities. Finding that our veal was not to be obtained, a party of them made an onslaught on our pork, and very early one morning carried off a nice fat pig, nearly full grown. Pigs, however, are not often disposed to be silent martyrs, and the one in question made so resolute a protest against the abduction, that the noise reached my husband, who immediately gave chace, and soon met the main body of porkers trotting home at a most unwonted speed, whilst the voice of woe continued its wail in the distance; on coming to the spot, he found two dingoes dragging off the pig by the hind legs, towards a thick scrub; he fired, wounding one, when both released their victim and made off, the poor pig trotting home, apparently telling a long and emphatic story of its wrongs and sufferings, from which it

eventually recovered. In about two hours after this, a lame white dingo, the same which had been so lately shot at, boldly chased my two pet goats into the veranda!

On one occasion, my husband was travelling from one station to another, with a number of cattle, both old and young, and at night had, as usual, placed them in a secure stock-yard, the calves being with the cows. On going to see them turned out in the morning, the peculiar moaning of a cow struck him as being similar to that of one which had lost her calf; but knowing they were all right the night before, he paid little attention to it, until, on observing a skin and fresh blood just outside the rails, he examined more closely, and found that the dingoes had contrived to drag a young calf through the bars of the stock-yard, and had devoured it within a foot or two of the miserable cow, who could see and hear, but not help, her poor little one.

Frequently, when their visits are interrupted, a foal or calf is found with a limb half-eaten away, and the utmost vigilance is requisite to protect the yet more helpless sheep from their ravenous jaws. All flocks are folded at night and watched. Two yards or folds are usually erected near together, between which the watchman has his box, and a large bright fire, and frequently during the night he walks round with his dogs.

I had not the satisfaction of seeing any of the marauders about us taken, though they were continually seen by the servants skulking about, early in the morning, and I have seen them pass through our veranda before sunrise, followed by our own dogs, barking and growling their evident dislike of the intruders.

Lost in the Wilderness.

As a company of adventurers were exploring the interior of Oregon for trading purposes, Ross Cox, one of their number, became separated from his companions. On the morning of the 17th of Seventh month, 1812, he left the encampment, and, after wandering for some dis-

tance along the banks of a rivulet, reached a little arbour formed by sumac and cherry trees. On the opposite bank was a wilderness of crimson haw, honeysuckles, wild roses, and currants; and its resemblance to a friend's summer house, in which he had spent many happy hours, brought back recollections of home, which occupied him so pleasantly, that he fell first into a reverie, and next into a sleep, from which he did not awake till five o'clock in the evening. "All," he says, "was calm and silent. I hastened to the spot where we had breakfasted: it was vacant. I ran to the place where the men had made their fire: all, all were gone. My senses almost failed me. I called out until I became hoarse; and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreadful truth that I was alone in a wild, uninhabited country, without horse or arms!"

In order to ascertain the direction which his party had taken, he set about examining the ground, and was able to follow the tracks of the horses' feet for some time; but he soon lost them again in a gravelly bottom, upon which their hoofs made no impression. He next ascended the highest of the hills, from which he had an extended view for many miles around; but he perceived no sign of his friends, or the slightest indication of human habitations. The night, with its heavy dew, was approaching fast: on account of the heat of the season, he had no clothes on save a gingham shirt, nankin trowsers, and a pair of light leather moccasons (gaiters) much worn. He had in the morning taken off his coat, and thrown it over the back of one of the loaded horses, intending to put it on again in the evening; and in the agitation of his mind, on awaking in his arbour, he forgot to put on his hat, and it was now too late to think of going back for it. Finding near him a field of long grass, he buried himself in it for the night, and arose with the sun, wet to the skin from the dew. He wandered the whole day in a northerly course, and late in the evening he was overjoyed to behold, at about a mile distant, two horsemen galloping, whom he knew from their dresses to be of his party. He instantly ran to a hillock, and called out to them, in a voice to which hun-

ger had imparted an unnatural shrillness; but they galloped on! He then took off his shirt, which he waved in a conspicuous manner over his head, and uttered the most frantic cries; still they continued their course without perceiving him. He ran towards them, but they soon were out of sight, and he lay down quite exhausted upon the ground. In this situation he heard a rattlesnake rustling behind him; but he succeeded in killing it with a stone, and again found a resting-place for the night in a bed of long grass. The next day he was, as before, without food; his only nourishment was water. The sun blazed so intensely upon his naked head, that he felt sometimes as if his brain were on fire. He passed the banks of a lake which abounded with water-fowl and fish, but, alas! he had no means of appropriating them to his own use. On the 20th, he discovered some wild cherries, upon which he feasted; but before he lighted upon them, he had been obliged to chew grass in order to appease his hunger. On the 21st, he found out a cavern, which he resolved to make his abode for the present, as its neighbourhood abounded with wild cherries, his intention being to make short journeys of two or three days all round this spot, with the view of ascertaining whether or not he was in the neighbourhood of any path. His first excursion from his cavern was unsuccessful, and he returned to it for the night, plunged deeper than ever in despair.

"I collected," he says, "a heap of stones from the water side, and just as I was lying down, observed a wolf emerge from the opposite cavern, and thinking it safer to act on the offensive, lest he should imagine I was afraid, I threw some stones at him, one of which struck him on the leg: he retired yelling into his den; and after waiting some time in fearful suspense, to see if he would re-appear, I threw myself on the ground, and fell asleep. The vapours from the lake, joined to the heavy dews, penetrated my frail covering of gingham; but as the sun rose, I took it off, and stretched it on a rock, where it quickly dried. My excursion to the southward having proved unsuccessful, I now resolved to try the east, and after eating my simple breakfast, proceeded in that di-

rection; and, on crossing two small streams, had to penetrate a country through which, owing to the immense quantities of underwood, my progress was slow. My feet, too, were uncovered, and, from the thorns of the various prickly plants, were much lacerated, in consequence of which, on returning to my late bivouack, I was obliged to shorten the legs of my trowsers to procure bandages for them.

"I anticipated the rising of the sun on the morning of the 23d, and having been unsuccessful the two preceding days, determined to shape my course due north, and, if possible, not to return again to the lake. During the day I skirted the wood, and fell on some old tracks which revived my hopes a little. The country to the westward was chiefly plains covered with parched grass, and occasionally enlivened by savannahs of refreshing green, full of wild flowers and aromatic herbs, among which the bee and humming-bird banqueted. I slept this evening by a small brook, where I collected cherries and haws enough to make a hearty supper. I was obliged to make further encroachments on the legs of my trowsers for fresh bandages for my feet. I partially covered my body this night with pieces of pine bark, which I stripped off a sapless tree.

Lost in the Wilderness.—(Continued.)

"The country through which I dragged my tired limbs on the 24th, was thinly wooded. My course was north and north-east. I suffered much for want of water, having got, during the day, only two tepid and nauseous draughts from stagnant pools, which the long drought had nearly dried up. About sunset, I arrived at a small stream, by the side of which I took up my quarters for the night. The dew fell heavily; but I was too much fatigued to go in quest of bark to cover me; and even had I been so inclined, the howling of the wolves would have deterred me from making the dangerous attempt. I could not sleep. My only weapons

of defence were a heap of stones and a stick. Ever and anon some more daring than others approached me. I presented the stick at them, as if in the act of levelling a gun, upon which they retired, vented a few yells, advanced a little farther, and after surveying me for some time with their sharp, fiery eyes, retreated into the wood. In this state of agitation I passed the night; but as day-light began to break, I fell into a deep sleep, from which, to judge from the sun, I did not awake until between eight and nine o'clock in the morning of the 25th. My second bandages having been worn out, I was now obliged to bare my knees for fresh ones; and after tying them round my feet, and taking a copious draught from the adjoining brook for breakfast, I recommenced my journey. My course was nearly north north-east. I got no water during the day, nor any wild cherries. Some slight traces of men's feet, and a few old horse tracks, occasionally crossed my path: they proved that human beings sometimes, at least, visited that part of the country, and, for a moment, served to cheer my drooping spirits.

"About dusk, an immense wolf rushed out of a thick copse a short distance from the path-way, planted himself directly before me in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate, and as I knew that the least symptom of fear would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner; and supposing his intention was to collect a few of his comrades to assist in making an afternoon repast on my half famished carcass, I redoubled my cries, until I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I might make it appear I was not alone. An old and a young lynx ran close past me, but did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position; but whether my wild and fearful exclamations

deterred any others from joining him, I cannot say. At length he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

"The shades of night were descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot, surrounded by small trees and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but after searching for some time, I was still disappointed. A shallow lake or pond had been there, which the long drought had dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes, and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was about throwing myself down, a rattlesnake, coiled, with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a frightful state of oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance; but assuming fresh courage, soon despatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed.

"Having collected a fresh supply of rushes, which I spread some distance from the spot, I threw myself on them, and was permitted, through divine goodness, to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose.

"I arose in the morning of the 26th, considerably refreshed, and took a northerly course, occasionally diverging a little to the east. Several times during the day I was induced to leave the path by the appearance of rushes, which I imagined grew in the vicinity of lakes; but on reaching them, my faint hopes vanished: there was no water, and I in vain essayed to extract a little moisture from them. Prickly thorns and small, sharp stones added greatly to the pain of my tortured feet, and obliged me to make further encroachments on my nether garments for fresh bandages. The want of water now rendered me extremely weak and feverish; and I had nearly abandoned all hopes of relief, when, about half-past four or five o'clock, the old pathway turned from the prairie grounds into a thickly wooded country, in an easterly direction, through which I had not advanced half a mile, when I heard a noise resembling a waterfall. I hastened my tottering steps, and in a few

minutes was delighted at arriving on the banks of a deep and narrow rivulet, which forced its way with great rapidity over some large stones that obstructed the channel.

"After offering up a short prayer of thanksgiving for this providential supply, I threw myself into the water, forgetful of the extreme state of exhaustion to which I was reduced: it had nearly proved fatal, for my weak frame could not withstand the strength of the current, which forced me down until I caught the bough of an overhanging tree, by means of which I regained the shore. Here were plenty of hips and cherries, on which, with the water, I made a most delicious repast. On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity; and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep."

In the morning, he resumed his journey through the woods, and, in a few hours, fell in with a well-beaten horse-path, with fresh traces upon it, both of hoofs and human feet. This path he pursued carefully on the 28th, 29th, and 30th, when it conducted him to the habitation of an Indian family, all the members of which treated him with affectionate solicitude. By their assistance he was enabled to rejoin his party on the 31st, to the great delight of himself and of his friends, who had given him up as a lost man. Explanations immediately followed on both sides, from which it appeared that when the party originally set out without him, they were under the impression that he had gone on before them; that they did not miss him until after two hours, when they sent back messengers in search of him; these he missed by quitting his arbour. On the first night, the whole party slept within three miles of each other, and the horsemen whom he saw had actually been riding about in quest of him. On the third day, when no tidings could be had of him, they took it for granted that he was devoured by the wolves, and pursued their way. The day before his arrival, his clothes were sold by auction, but the purchasers cheerfully returned them.

"*Let's Make it Up.*"—CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Homely words may we deem them,—the season has flown
When we heard them from others, or made them our own;
Yet, would that their spirit of sweetness and truth
Could come to our ears as it came in our youth;
Oh! would that we uttered as freely as then,
"Let's make it up, brother, smile kindly again.
Let's make it up."

Let us make it up, brother; Oh, when we were young,
No pride stayed the words ere they fell from the tongue;
No storms of dissension, no passions that strove,
Could banish forever the peace-making dove.
If 'twas frightened awhile from its haven of rest,
It returned at the sound that would please it the best,—
"Let's make it up."

Let us make it up, brother, Oh, let us forget
How it is that so coldly of late we have met;
Where the fault may be resting, we'll stay not to tell—
Its blight on the spirits of both of us fell;
So take my hand firmly, and grasp as of yore,
Let heart whisper to heart as they whispered before,—
"Let's make it up."

Cresin's Farm.

Pliny, the ancient naturalist, relates, that the people of a certain district in Italy were much surprised at the fine appearance, and great fertility of a farm belonging to one amongst them, named Cresin. As their own lands were poor and barren, they conceived that Cresin must employ some magical arts in order to make his ground yield such abundance. Accordingly, they

brought him before a judge, and accused him of being an enchanter.

Cresin, being called upon for his defence, brought forward a stout girl, his daughter, and also his implements of husbandry, and the cattle which drew his plough. "This girl," said he, "pulls all the weeds which grow on my farm. I manure it carefully, to enable the ground to bear good crops. You see that all my implements are in the best order, and that my cattle, which I take pains to feed well, are the stoutest in the country. Behold, all the magic I use in the management of my farm! Any one of my neighbours may have as good crops as I, if he will use the same means."

The judges said they never had heard a better pleading, and dismissed Cresin with many commendations of his industry.

Hot Winds, and Hurricanes in Australia.—LOUISA A. MEREDITH.

I found, in Australia, the most prudent course to pursue during the continuance of the sirocco, is, immediately on its approach to shut every door and window, and with closely-drawn blinds, to await, as patiently and movelessly as half-suffocated mortals may be expected to do, the abatement of the terrible visitation. With us, however, a few hours of faintness, thirst, and misery generally comprise the whole evil, (though sometimes the hot winds blow almost without intermission for several days), but the luckless fields and gardens escape not so easily. Every green thing looks either drooping and dying, or dried up like half-burned paper. I have seen large tracts of cultivated land, covered with luxuriant green crops of wheat, barley, or oats, just going into ear, scorched, shrivelled, absolutely blackened by the heat, and fit for nothing but to cut as bad litter. Less important, though extremely vexatious, is the destruction caused in gardens, where the most deli-

cate and beautiful flowers are ever the first to wither under the burning breath of this fervid Air-king.

I several times observed at Bathurst, a phenomenon by no means unusual on the large plains of New South Wales, in dry weather, being a procession across them of tall columns of dust—whirlwinds in fact, which preserve a nearly uniform diameter throughout their whole height, the upper end seeming to vanish off, or puff away like light smoke, and the lower apparently touching the earth. They move in a perpendicular position, quietly and majestically gliding along one after another, seeming, at the distance I saw them, to be from seventy to a hundred feet high, and about twenty broad. Thus viewed, they do not seem to travel particularly fast, but my husband tells me he has vainly endeavoured to keep pace with them for a short time, even when mounted on a fleet horse. When they are crossing a brook or river, the lower portion of the dust is lost sight of, and a considerable agitation disturbs the water, but immediately on landing the same appearance is resumed.

I never heard of these gregarious whirlwinds being at all mischievous; they only pick up dust, leaves, little sticks, or other light bodies, which whirl round in them with great velocity; but other and far more terrible visitations occur in the hurricanes, which, like those of the western world, devastate the tract of country over which they pass. My husband, in returning from a visit to the Murrumbidgee, encountered one of the most fearful of these terrific tempests. At Bathurst, on the same day, we had a violent thunder storm, with a heavy fall of rain and large hailstones, but the fury of the tempest passed chiefly near the river Abercrombie. I shall avail myself of my husband's observations in his own words:—

"I have often seen the effects of former hurricanes in New South Wales, the indications being the total destruction of all trees in the course the hurricane had taken, which course I generally observed to be from the north-west. The length to which the devastation extended, I had no opportunity of estimating, but the breadth ave-

raged from four hundred to eight hundred yards. On one occasion, I saw the spot where a hurricane had terminated in a whirlwind. My companion and myself had ridden for some distance along the path it had pursued, the direction of which was plainly indicated, by the trees it had uprooted in its course all lying one way; the termination was as plainly shown by a circle, in which the trees lay *all* ways; and such is their partiality, or rather, so clearly are the boundaries of both hurricane and whirlwind defined, that in cases where the blast did not reach the trunk of a tree, the branches were torn off from one side, without uprooting the stem.

"In the fall of 1839, I was journeying from Goulburn to Bathurst, by the direct route of the Abercrombie river, through a wild country, covered almost entirely with forests of very lofty gum-trees. On my departure from M'Allister's station in the morning, the wind was blowing strong, and the sky betokened tempestuous weather. As the day advanced, the gusts of wind became more and more violent, occasionally bringing down the branch of a tree. When I had arrived within three or four miles of the Abercrombie river, the air became suddenly warm, and a few flashes of vivid lightning, accompanied by loud thunder, denoted the approach of a storm. A strong instinctive sensation of fear came over me, such as I never before experienced; and in a short time, perhaps a minute, I heard a strange, loud, rushing noise; the air grew rapidly dark and thick, and my horse was evidently, like myself, under the influence of intense fear, and trembling violently. I exclaimed (although alone), 'This is a hurricane!' and jumped off my horse at the *end* of a fallen tree; the poor animal endeavoured to shelter himself by backing under a growing tree, which I prevented by a violent pull at his bridle, and then, for the space of a minute or two, saw nothing; the hurricane, for such it was, had reached me, and everything was in total darkness. I fell on my knees, still holding my horse's bridle. The roaring, crashing sound was deafening, but it soon passed by, and the atmosphere again became clear enough to admit of my observing

surrounding objects. My horse and myself stood alone in what a few seconds before had been a high and dense forest; every tree was prostrate, either broken or uprooted, including the one from under which I had pulled my horse, its ponderous trunk lying within a few feet of us. The track of the hurricane was in the same direction as that in which the fallen tree lay, at the end of which I dismounted; and thus the small space was left which saved us both. Immediately that the hurricane had swept by, the rain fell in torrents, exceeding anything I ever witnessed in the tropics, and a heavy gale continued for two days."

Extraordinary Swimming Exploit.—CHEEVER.

In the Sandwich Islands a swimming feat was performed, a few years ago, by a native woman, which surpasses all other achievements of the kind on record. When about midway between the outmost points of Hawaii and Kahoolawe, or thirty miles from land on either side, a small island vessel, poorly managed, and leaky, suddenly shifted cargo in a strong wind, plunged bows under, and went down; there being on board between thirty and forty persons, and a part of them in the cabin. This was just after dinner, on the First day of the week. The natives that happened to be on deck were at once all together in the waves, with no means of escape but their skill in swimming. A Christian man, by the name of Mauae, now called the people around him in the water, and implored help from God for all. Then, as a strong current was setting to the north, making it impossible for them to get to Hawaii, whither they were bound, they all made in different ways for Maui and Kahoolawe.

The captain of the schooner, a foreigner, being unable to swim, was put by his Hawaiian wife on an oar, and they two struck out together for the distant shore; but on Second day morning the captain died; and in the

afternoon of the same day his wife landed on Kahoolawe. A floating hatchway from the wreck gave a chance for life to a strong young man and his brother; but the latter perished before the next daylight came, while the elder reached the island in safety by eight or nine o'clock. A boy, without any support, swam the same distance of nearly thirty miles, and arrived safe to land before any of the others. Mauae and his wife had each secured a covered bucket for a buoy, and three young men kept them company till evening; but they all three disappeared, one after another, during the night, either by exhaustion, or getting bewildered and turning another way, or by becoming the prey of sharks.

Second-day morning, the faithful pair were found alone; and the wife's bucket coming to pieces, she swam without any thing till afternoon, when Mauae became too weak to go on. The wife stopped and lomilomied him (a kind of shampooing common there), so that he was able to swim again until Kahoolawe was in full view. Soon, however, Mauae grew so weary that he could not even hold to the bucket; and his faithful wife, taking it from him, bade him cling to the long hair of her head, while she still hopefully held on, gradually nearing the shore! Her husband's hands, however, soon slipped from her hair, too weak to keep their hold, and she tried in vain to rouse him to further effort. She endeavoured, according to the native expression, *to make his hope swim*, to inspire him with confidence by pointing to the land, and telling him to pray to Jesus; but he could only utter a few broken petitions. Putting his arms, therefore, around her own neck, she held them fast on her bosom with one hand, and still swam vigourously with the other until near nightfall, when herself and her now lifeless burden were within a quarter of a mile from the shore. She had now to contend with the raging surf; and finding her husband, whom she had borne so long, entirely dead, she reluctantly cast his body off, and shortly after reached the land.

But there she was hardly better off than at sea, for long exposure to the brine had so blinded her eyes, that it was some time before she could see; her strength was

too much spent to travel, and the spot on which she landed was barren lava, on the opposite side of the island to any settlement. Food and water she must find, or die. Providentially, she obtained the latter in a rain that had recently fallen, and that was standing for her in the cups of the rocks. Second-day night, Third-day, Fourth-day, and Fifth-day came and went without relief, while she crept on as she could toward the inhabited parts of the island. At last, on Sixth-day morning, when her hope was fast sinking with her failing strength, by a gracious providence she discovered a water-melon vine in fruit; soon after, she was found by a party of fishermen, who took care of her, and conducted her to their village. The next day she was sent by canoe to Lahaina, whence the foundered schooner had sailed just one week before.

The Ground-Spider.—LOUISA A. MEREDITH.

The ground-spiders of Australia are of various sizes, and differ in their colour, form, and markings. They excavate a circular hole in the earth, adapted to the size of their body, and as beautifully formed and perfectly round as any engineer, with all his scientific instruments, could have made it. Within, it is nicely tapestried with the finest web, woven closely over the wall of this subterranean withdrawing-room, the depth of which I never accurately ascertained, as at a certain distance they seem to curve, or perhaps lead into a side-cell, where the feelers of fine grass I have introduced could not penetrate. Some of these tunnels terminate at the surface, with merely a slight web spun over the grains of soil close to the aperture, as if to prevent their rolling into it; the holes being from one-sixth of an inch to an inch or more in diameter. Some of them boast the luxury of a front door; these doors are as beautiful instances of insect skill and artifice, as any that our wonder-teeming world displays to us. When shut down

over the hole, nothing but the most accurate previous knowledge could induce any person to fancy they could perceive any difference in the surface of the soil; but, perhaps, if you remain very still for some minutes, the clever inhabitant will come forth; when you first perceive a circle of earth, perhaps the size of a finger-ring or larger, lifted up from beneath, like a trap-door; it falls back gently on its hinge side, and a fine, hairy, beautifully pencilled brown or gray spider pops out, and most probably pops in again, to sit just beneath the opening, and wait for his dinner of flies or other eatable intruders. Then we see that the under side, and the rim of his earthen door are thickly and neatly webbed over, so that not a grain of soil can fall away from its thickness, which is usually about the eighth or tenth of an inch, and although so skilfully webbed below, the upper surface preserves exactly the same appearance as the surrounding soil. The hinge consists also of web, neatly attached to that of the lid and the box. I have great respect and admiration for these clever mechanics, and though I very often, with a bent of grass or a soft green twig, try to persuade one to come up and be looked at (which they generally do, nipping fast hold of the intrusive probe), I never was guilty of hurting one. I have picked very large ones off ground that the plough had just turned over, and have carried them to places unlikely to be disturbed: and I generally have two or three particular friends among them, whom I frequently take a peep at. They often travel some distance from home, probably in search of food, as I have overtaken and watched them returning, when they seldom turn aside from hand or foot placed in their way, but go steadily on at a good swift pace, and, after dropping into their hole, put forth a claw, and hook the door after them, just as a man would close a trap-door above him, when descending a ladder.

A Ghona Widow to her Child.—T. PRINGLE.

The storm hath ceased: yet still I hear
The distant thunder sounding,
And from the mountains, far and near,
The headlong torrents bounding.
The jackal shrieks upon the rocks;
The tiger-wolf is howling;
The panther round the folded flocks
With stifled *gurr* is prowling.
But lay thee down in peace, my child;
God watcheth o'er us midst the wild.

I fear the Bushman is abroad—
He loves the midnight thunder;
The sheeted lightning shows the road,
That leads his feet to plunder;
I'd rather meet the hooded-snake
Than hear his rattling quiver,
When, like an adder, through the brake,
He glides along the river.
But, darling, hush thy heart to sleep—
The Lord our Shepherd watch doth keep.

The Kosa from Luhéri high,
Looks down upon our dwelling;
And shakes the vengeful assagai,—
Unto his clansman telling
How he, for *us*, by grievous wrong,
Hath lost these fertile valleys;
And boasts that now his hand is strong
To pay the debt of malice.
But sleep, my child; a Mightier Arm
Can shield thee (helpless one!) from harm.

The moon is up; a fleecy cloud
O'er heaven's blue deeps is sailing;
The stream, that lately raved so loud,
Makes now a gentle wailing.

From yonder crags, lit by the moon,
I hear a wild voice crying:
—'Tis but the harmless bear-baboon,
Unto his mates replying.
Hush—hush thy dreams, my moaning dove,
And slumber in the arms of love!

The wolf, scared by the watch-dog's bay,
Is to the woods returning;
By his rock-fortress, far away,
The Bushman's fire is burning.
And hark! Sicána's midnight hymn,
Along the valley swelling,
Calls us to stretch the wearied limb,
While kinsmen guard our dwelling:
Though vainly watchmen wake from sleep,
"Unless the Lord the city keep."

At dawn, we'll seek, with songs of praise,
Our food on the savannah,
As Israel sought, in ancient days,
The heaven-descended manna;
With gladness from the fertile land
The *veld-kost** we will gather,
A harvest planted by the hand
Of the Almighty Father—
From thraldom who redeems our race,
To plant them in their ancient place.

Then, let us calmly rest, my child;
Jehovah's arm is round us,
The God, the Father reconciled,
In heathen gloom who found us;
Who to this heart, by sorrow broke,
His wondrous WORD revealing,
Led me, a lost sheep, to the flock,
And to the Fount of Healing.
Oh may the Saviour-Shepherd lead
My darling where his lambkins feed!

* *Veld-kost*, literally *country-food*, is the term used for the wild roots and bulbs eaten by the Bushmen and Colonial Hottentots.

Microscopic Animalculæ.

Having many years ago received the idea, that all substances were teeming with forms of life so minute, as to be beyond our vision, I looked forward to the time, when I might confirm or controvert this account by my own investigations—might behold for myself, if all those wondrous forms of snaky length, exhibited to us by the aid of the Solar or Oxyhydrogen Microscope, really held their gambols, and pursued their prey in every drop of water that we drank.

To carry out this intention, I procured a compound microscope, whose power was sufficient to magnify the surface of any object about 14,000 times, and adjusted to its focus a drop of water from a cistern, where it had been thrown from a running stream.

In vain did I search until my eyes winked for relief; I saw nothing in motion. Again and again were fresh applications of the pure stream made with a zeal for discovery, but not with better success than at first.

Before throwing aside all confidence in my instrument, I thought of the accounts I had read of the use of particular infusions of vegetable matter. I was residing in the country, in a favoured spot; and, before my window, many a broad acre spread away, luxuriantly clad in all that rich variety of vegetation that rejoices the eye of the botanist, while an abundant supply of pure water at the door, furnished the other requisite for continued investigations.

I soon had a row of glasses upon my mantel, containing chiefly grasses of various kinds, and these were diligently watched for the first signs of animated existence.

The weather was warm, and but few hours had elapsed before the hue of the water indicated that decomposition had commenced, and a glimpse through the microscope showed that the death of the plants had been attended by the birth of a race of creatures infinitely smaller, but of a higher station in nature, inasmuch as they were endowed with a power of voluntary motion, and gave evi-

dence of a disposition to use their gift with energy and perseverance. Those unacquainted with the construction and use of the microscope, should understand that the space that can be examined at one view is very small, particularly when the magnifying power is high; and by picking a hole in a piece of paper with a medium-sized pin, they will have a pretty correct idea of the size of my field of view, enlarged apparently, by the magnifying power, to a circular space three or four inches in diameter. I placed a tiny drop of one of these infusions upon a glass slide, and putting it under the instrument, my notice was instantly drawn to objects resembling a bubble of air, somewhat elongated, almost perfectly transparent, and about (in appearance) one-fourth of an inch in length, darting with astonishing speed from side to side, diving down out of the reach of vision (for their pond was the breadth of a pin in depth), and rising again and turning somersets with the agility of a school-boy.

While I was watching these frolicsome insects, some settled down at the bottom, and soon after became motionless, their shapes having changed from the original ellipse, to that of a sphere.

Ah! they have wearied themselves at last, and even as the human race, must invoke the aid of "tired nature's sweet restorer," to invigorate them for fresh efforts. But no! What do I see? They burst, and while the ragged covering floats away into oblivion, a pulpy mass remains, whose variegated surface and vibrating edges, discover it to be an infant colony, each individual being so minute, that the utmost power of my glass cannot show his figure. The scene reminds one of the treasured bag of the spider, though one insect of *its* contents, equals in bulk many thousands of those I have been describing. Every hour of existence adds size and distinctness to these little rudiments of life; and in the course of two or three days, not only can the individuals be clearly distinguished, but having attained the size and appearance of the original one, exhibit all the interesting peculiarities observed in the parent.

They become so numerous, that no interval can be

observed between them, and through the transparent bodies of the upper ones, may be seen two or three restless strata of the same.

There are no idlers among them,—each little rotundity rolls, swims, dives, or tumbles, in obedience to the laws of its being. Ever in motion, by day or by night, no change has been remarked in the manner they keep the "noiseless tenor of their way."

Thinking to observe the effect of vinegar upon them, I dipped a needle into that fluid, and then applied it to my teeming drop. No gradual change is noticeable, no tardy death arising from unwholesome food, but like the rapid destruction that lightning sends, all life has ceased, all motion gone, and I see the bodies of the *dead* only! It almost sends a shudder through the spectator to see such an extinction of motion and enjoyment, although he is conscious that to him, in a manner, they were indebted for all of life that, in the brief space of sixty hours, had fallen to their share.

I have spoken of but one variety; yet in the same infusion may frequently be observed six or seven species, differing in size and outline, but preserving the same general appearance; and time, whose cycles are short to them, in proportion to the simplicity of their organization, brings into view still varying races to inhabit the vacancies left by the earlier existences. As a general rule, each succeeding kind is more complex than the last; and some,—that when first observed are so minute, that were a tube of no greater dimensions than a human hair placed in their little sea, scores might enter it abreast, dive, swim, and disport therein, as the fish in a river, without lack of room,—toward the conclusion of their lives appear, under the microscope, an inch or two in length, and pursue their tinier companions with a voracity unexampled among the larger creatures of the globe. Some of these insects resemble a bell-pear in shape, but with the end curved round, so as to show but one indented side; and although they frequently change their mode of swimming, or rather gliding, for no organs of locomotion are visible, yet they affect having this in-

dentation mostly on the left side, reversed of course in appearance, by the microscope.

They have also the capacity of changing their form, and, by rapid transitions, become tubular, pear-shaped, elliptical, or spherical, as suits the caprice of the moment, and without any inconvenience; for they appear to be destitute of the usual organs of sense, and move with equal ease either extremity forward, or content themselves with a revolution by which they fulfil the great law of their being, before alluded to, without leaving a spot they are partial to. One species of animalcule, and the largest I have observed, is of an oval form, with various markings and shades, and exhibits around its whole circumference, a rank of cilia slightly curved, in incessant motion, and performing the different offices of feet or fins, and food-collectors. When used for the latter purpose, the creature is moored in a spot suitable for fishing; and then commences a seizure of the treasures of the deep, in a manner feebly imitated by the busy sailors on the cod-banks of Newfoundland.

All the nimble cilia are set in rapid vibration in such direction, as to cause a current of the water, with all its helpless and hapless freight of living forms, to flow to its mouth, where those that suit his appetite are entrapped, and the insignificant or distasteful are not only permitted to go their ways, but are hurried off, mere drift, upon the rapid stream.

Before passing on to the last class, which I shall describe at the present time, I will allude to a sort of Monoped, as he might be called, who, destitute of the usual propellers, poles his way along the bottom by the aid of one star-shaped foot, at the extremity of his tail. His form is an exaggeration of what is known as the diamond-shape, and is capable of great extension and contraction, and his general air, destitute of the animation and vivacity that make his companions so interesting, gives one the idea of a rag-picker groping in a badly cleaned gutter, for his articles of trade.

Floating on the water, was a small opaque mass, from which extended, what seemed to be, little fibrous roots, which were succeeded by thread-like branches. On these

branches grew a fruit resembling a raspberry, except in deficiency of colour,—one upon a branch, from 12 to 20 on a vine. When arrived at maturity, the berry leaves the parent stem, and now, no longer a vegetable, goes swimming about where it lists, glides without revolving, or revolves without progressing. A few hours serve to break the bond of union that holds the little lobes of each fruit together, and separating into severalty, the plant-animal, no longer an individual of stately progress, has become an enterprising colony of rapid step, and busy air.

The researches of scientific inquirers have shown that these animalculæ inhabit almost every place where moisture is obtainable. They are found in the waters of rivers and the sea, they float in the air, they are disporting in the blood and other fluid portions of organized bodies, they burrow and build up colonies in the tartar around the teeth, they are innumerable in fruit, seed, and all vegetable substances, and millions lie concealed in the pores of the sand we tread on.

The Village Blacksmith.—H. W. Longfellow.

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;

You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Habits of the African Lion.—CUMMINGS.

The night of the 19th [of the Eighth month,] was to me rather a memorable one, as being the first on which I had the satisfaction of hearing the deep-toned thunder of the lion's roar. Although there was no one near to inform me by what animal the sounds which echoed through the wilderness were produced, I at once knew that the roar was no other than that of the king of beasts.

The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass, the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature.

Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming

the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle. He also preys on all the larger kinds of antelopes, and on both varieties of the gnoo. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favourite object of his pursuit.

Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feast upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered them of all ages, feasting upon the carcasses of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle.

The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families frequenting the same district, and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked that it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake. It is a common thing to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large young ones nearly full-grown; at other times, full-grown males will be found hunting together in a state of friendship.

The male lion, in his third year, acquires a long, rank, shaggy mane, which, in some instances, almost sweeps the ground. The colour of the mane varies much, and is generally influenced by the age. I have remarked that at first it is yellowish; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when the animal has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-gray, pepper-and-salt sort of colour. These old ones are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of

tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting forest districts.

One of the most striking things connected with the animal is his voice, which is extremely grand, and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts; on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice.

The grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated, as I have often been, in the depths of the forest, at the hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops are approaching.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine or ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. Their habits are strictly nocturnal; during the day they lie concealed beneath the

shade of low, bushy trees, or wide-spreading bushes, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. They are also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts they sally forth when the sun goes down, and commence their nightly prowl. When a lion is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

They are ever most active, daring, and presuming in dark and stormy nights, and consequently, on such occasions, the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lion's hour of drinking, peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moon-light. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. Owing to the tawny colour of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking, not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding, he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is, in general, more fierce and active than the male.

At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has small young ones. At that season, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men. A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation, which confirmed the reports I had before heard from the natives. One day, when out elephant-hunting in the territory of the Baseleka, accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was as-

tonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing toward us. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his eye fixed upon us, and displaying a show of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid Bechuanas, he approached. A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result; and, in the confusion of the moment, four couples of my dogs, which they had been leading, were allowed to escape in their couples. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with which the lioness was retreating in the background. Facing about, he followed after them with a haughty and independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs which trotted along on either side of him. On running down the hill-side to endeavour to recall my dogs, I observed, for the first time, the retreating lioness with four cubs.

Adventure with a Lion.—CUMMINGS.

On the 29th [of the Third month], we arrived at a small village of Bakalahari. These natives told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly resolved to halt here and hunt, and drew my wagons up on the river's bank, within thirty yards of the water, and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, we at once set about making for the cattle a kraal of the worst description of thorn-trees. Of this I had now become very particular, since my severe loss by lions on the first of this month; and my cattle were, at night, secured by a strong kraal, which inclosed my two wagons, the horses being made fast to a trek-tow stretched between the hind wheels of the wagons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the nature and character of the lion, of which I had at one time entertained so little

fear; and on this night an awful tragedy was to be acted in my little lonely camp. I worked till near sundown at one side of the kraal with Hendric, my first wagon-driver—I cutting down the trees with my axe, and he dragging them to the kraal. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, I turned my attention to making a pot of barley-broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around our sitting-place for the evening.

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine; they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark, we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river, and once or twice I strode away into the darkness, some distance from the fireside, to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, suspected the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity to spring into the kraal. About three hours after the sun went down, I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper, three of them returned before their comrades, to their own fireside and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendric, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal, and walked round the back of it. Hendric got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendric and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village, the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burned it all in their fires.

Suddenly the appalling voice of a lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek "The lion! the lion!" still, for a few moments, we thought he

was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear, and shrieked out, "The lion! the lion! He has got Hendric; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendric is dead! Let us take fire and seek him." The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was displeased with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendric's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and hunting my dogs forward, I had every thing brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could. My terrified people sat round the fire, with guns in their hands, till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid animals, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and going at him, disclosed to us his position: they kept up a continued barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them, and driving them in upon the kraal. He lay all night within forty yards of us, in a little hollow at the back of the thick bush beside which the fire was kindled.

It appeared, that when Hendric rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down, when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), and dragged him away backward round the bush into the dense shade.

John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire, on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, had belaboured him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape;

he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes with his claws.

The next morning we heard the lion dragging something up the river side, under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's tragedy. In the hollow where the lion had lain, the grass and bushes were stained with blood, and fragments of a pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendric! I knew the fragments of that old coat, and had often marked them hanging in the dense covers, where the elephant had charged after my unfortunate after-rider. Hendric was by far the best man I had about my wagons, of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon-driver, fearless in the field, ever active, willing, and obliging: his loss to us all was very serious. Terror had taken hold of the minds of my followers, and they expected that the lion would return, and, emboldened by the success of the preceding night, would prove still more daring in his attack. About two hours before sunset I ordered the steeds to be saddled, and went in search of him.

I took John and Carey as after-riders, armed, and a party of the natives followed up the spoor, and led the dogs. The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendric along a native foot-path that led up the river side. We found fragments of his coat all along the spoor, and at last the mangled coat itself. About six hundred yards from our camp, a dry river's course joined the Limpopo. At this spot was much shade, cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees, deposited by the Limpopo in some great flood. The lion had left the foot-path and entered this secluded spot. I at once felt convinced that we were upon him, and ordered the natives to make loose the dogs. These walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, barking angrily, with their hair bristling on their backs: a crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed—it was the lion bounding away.

Several of the dogs were extremely afraid of him, and kept rushing continually backward, and springing aloft to obtain a view. I now pressed forward and urged them

on. The lion held up the river's bank for a short distance, and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover, the best he could find, but nevertheless open. Here, in two minutes, the dogs were up with him, and he turned and stood at bay. As I approached, he stood, his head right towards me, with open mouth, growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side.

On beholding him, I dashed my steed forward, within thirty yards of him, and placing my rifle to my shoulder, waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot. He rose, however, again, when I finished him with a second in the breast. The Bakalahari now came up in wonder and delight. I ordered John to cut off his head and forepaws, and bring them to the wagons, and mounting my horse, galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me *their father*.

The Frost.—H. F. Gould.

The Frost look'd forth one still, clear night,
And whisper'd, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powder'd its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
By the light of the morn, were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

The Power of Gunpowder.

The removal, by gunpowder, of the Round Down Cliff, near Dover, in England, is one of the most interesting exploits of engineering on record. The Cliff was composed of chalk rock, and rose to the height of 375 feet above high water mark. The South-Eastern Railway Company determined to construct their road through this mass of chalk, and their original intention was to effect this by means of a tunnel. But, during the progress of their works, such large portions of the Cliff fell on both sides, that it was concluded to remove the whole of the hill above the tunnel, and to do it, if possible, by one enormous blast of gunpowder. A mine consisting of three cells was accordingly made by Cubitt, the engineer of the Company, in the base of the Cliff, into

which 18,500 pounds, or 8½ tons, of gunpowder was placed; and the whole was ignited by charges from a voltaic battery, conducted through wires properly placed.

When the electrical discharge was made, a low, faint, indistinct, indescribable moaning, was heard, and immediately afterwards the bottom of the cliff began to belly out, and then almost simultaneously about 500 feet in breadth of the summit began gradually, but rapidly to sink. There was no roaring explosion, no bursting out of fire, no violent and crashing splitting of rocks, and irrepressible force—it had little or nothing of the appearance of force. The rock seemed as if it had exchanged its solid for a fluid nature, for it glided like a stream into the sea, which was at the distance of about 100 yards from its base, filling up several large pools of water which had been left by the receding tide. As the chalk, which crumbled into fragments, flowed into the sea without splash or noise, it discoloured the water around with a dark, thick, inky-looking fluid; and when the sinking mass had finally reached its resting place, a dark brown colour was seen on different parts of it, which had been carried off the land. The time occupied by the descent, was about four or five minutes.

Exclamations of delight broke from the anxious and breathless spectators at the result, and torrents of congratulation were poured on the engineer for the magnificent manner in which he had carried his project into execution. So gentle was the motion, that the flag-staff, which was standing on the summit of the Cliff before the explosion took place, remained afterwards standing and uninjured on the fallen *debris!*

The successful performance of this experiment, emboldened engineers to try it again. Near Seaford, in England, by one blast of gunpowder, an immense section of a chalk cliff has been blown down, the amount of which has been estimated at 300,000 tons. Nearly 26,000 pounds, or upwards of 11 tons, of powder were placed in chambers excavated in the rock, and then the whole ignited by the electric current. The effects produced in the latter case, corresponded very nearly with those described in the former.

The Winds.—H. F. Gould.

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower 's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent;
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh;
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, still, 'tis we.
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command.
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back:
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to him, who binds
Or frees, as he wills, the obedient winds.

Chasm in the Prairies.—KENDALL.

[The ravine here described is situated in an extensive prairie, lying west of the head waters of the Red river.]

We had scarcely proceeded six miles, after drying our blankets, when we suddenly came upon an immense rent or chasm in the earth. No one was aware of its existence, until we were immediately upon its brink, when a spectacle, exceeding in grandeur any thing we had previously beheld, came suddenly in view. Not a tree or bush, no outline whatever, marked its position or course, and we were all lost in amazement, as one by one we rode up to the verge of the yawning abyss.

In depth it could not be less than eight hundred or a thousand feet; it was from three to five hundred yards in width, and at the point where we first struck it, the sides were perfectly perpendicular. A sickly sensation of dizziness was felt by all as we looked down, as it were, into the very depths of the earth. In the dark and narrow valley below, an occasional spot of green relieved the eye, and a small stream of water rising to the view, then sinking beneath some huge rock, was bubbling and foaming along. Immense walls, columns, and in some places what appeared to be arches, were seen standing, modelled by the wear of the water undoubtedly, yet so perfect in form, that we could with difficulty be brought to believe that the hand of man had not fashioned them. The rains of centuries, falling upon an immense prairie, had here found a reservoir, and their workings upon the different veins of earth and stone, had formed these strange and fanciful shapes.

Before reaching the chasm, we had crossed numerous large trails, leading a little more to the west than we were travelling; and the experience of the previous day led us to suppose that they all terminated at a common crossing near by. In this conjecture we were not disappointed, for a trot of half an hour, brought us into a large road, the thoroughfare along which millions of Indians, buffalo, and mustangs had evidently travelled

for years. Perilous as the descent appeared, we well knew there was no other near. The leading mule was urged forward, the steadier and older horses were next driven over the sides, and the more skittish and intractable brought up the rear. Once in the narrow path, which led circuitously down the descent, there was no turning back, and our half-maddened animals finally reached the bottom in safety. Several large stones were loosened from their fastenings by our men, during the frightful descent; these would leap, dash, and thunder down the precipitous sides, and strike against the bottom far below us with a terrific and reverberating crash.

We found a running stream on reaching the lower level of the chasm, on the opposite side of which was a romantic dell covered with short grass, and a few scattering cotton woods. A large body of Indians had encamped on this very spot but a few days previous, the wilted limbs of the trees, and other signs, showing that they had made it a resting place. We, too, halted a couple of hours, to give our horses an opportunity to graze and rest themselves. The trail which led up on the opposite side, was discovered a short distance above us, to the south, winding up the steep and rugged sides of the acclivity.

As we journeyed along this dell, all were again struck with admiration at the strange and fanciful figures made by the washing of the waters during the rainy season. In some places were perfect walls, formed of reddish clay. The veins of which these walls were composed, were of even thickness, very hard, and ran perpendicularly; and when the softer sand which had surrounded them was washed away, the veins still remained standing upright, in some places a hundred feet high, and three or four hundred in length. Columns, too, were there, and such was their appearance of architectural order, and so much of chaste grandeur was there about them, that we were lost in wonder and admiration. Sometimes the breast-works, as of forts, would be plainly visible; then, again, the frowning turrets of some castle of the olden time. Cumbrous pillars of some mighty pile, such as is dedicated to religion or royalty, were scattered

about; regularity was strangely mingled with disorder and ruin, and nature had done it all.

Our passage out of this place was effected with the greatest difficulty. We were obliged to carry our rifles, holsters, and saddle-bags in our hands, and in clambering up a steep pitch, one of the horses striking his shoulder against a projecting rock, was precipitated some fifteen or twenty feet directly upon his back. All thought he must be killed by the fall; but strange enough, he rose immediately, shook himself, and a second effort in climbing proved more successful—the animal had not received the slightest injury!

By the middle of the afternoon we were all safely across, after passing five or six hours completely shut out from the world. Again we found ourselves upon the level prairie, and on looking back, after proceeding some hundred yards, not a sign of the immense chasm was visible. The plain we were then upon, was at least one hundred and fifty miles in width, and the two chasms I have mentioned, were the reservoirs of the heavy body of rain which falls during the wet season, and at the same time its conductors to the running streams.

Death of the Flowers.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood,
And by the stream no more.

A Village of Prairie Dogs.—KENDALL.

When travelling near the head waters of the River Brazos, in the north-western part of Texas, I left the party and went with two companions to visit a large commonwealth of prairie-dogs. We were induced by a double object—first, by a desire to examine one of the republics about which prairie travellers have said so much; and, secondly, to obtain something to eat, for the flesh of these animals was said to be excellent.

Our road wound up the sides of a gently-ascending mountain for some six or seven miles. On arriving at the summit, we found a beautiful table-land spread out

before us, reaching miles in every direction. The soil appeared to be uncommonly rich, and was covered with a luxuriant growth of mesquit trees. The grass was of the curly mesquit species, the sweetest and most nutritious of all the different kinds of that grass, and it was told me that the dogs seldom establish their towns and cities, unless on sites where this grass is found in abundance.

We had proceeded but a short distance, after reaching this beautiful prairie, before we came upon the outskirts of the commonwealth. A few scattering dogs were seen scampering in, their short, sharp yelps giving a general alarm to the whole community.

The first brief cry of danger from the outskirts was soon taken up in the centre of the city, and now nothing was to be heard or seen in any direction but a barking, dashing, and scampering of the mercurial and excitable denizens of the place, each to his burrow. Far as the eye could reach, the city extended, and all over it the scene was the same.

We rode leisurely along until we had reached the more thickly-settled portion of the place. Here we halted, and after taking the bridles from our horses, to allow them to graze, we prepared for a regular attack upon the inhabitants. The burrows were not more than ten or fifteen yards apart, with well-trodden paths leading in different directions, and I even fancied, I could discover something like regularity in the laying out of the streets.

We sat down upon a bank under the shade of a mesquit, and leisurely surveyed the scene before us. Our approach had driven every one to his home in our immediate vicinity, but at the distance of some hundred yards, the small mound of earth in front of each burrow was occupied by a dog, sitting erect on his hinder legs, and coolly looking about for the cause of the recent commotion. Every now and then, some citizen, more adventurous than his neighbour, would leave his lodgings on a flying visit to a friend, apparently exchange a few words, and then scamper back as fast as his legs would carry him.

By-and-by, as we kept perfectly still, some of our near neighbours were seen cautiously poking their heads from out their holes, and looking craftily, and, at the same time, inquisitively about them. Gradually a citizen would emerge from the entrance of his domicil, come out upon his observatory, perk his head cunningly, and then commence yelping, somewhat after the manner of a young puppy—a quick jerk of the tail accompanying each yelp. It is this short bark alone that has given them the name of dogs, as they bear no more resemblance to that animal, either in appearance, action, or manner of living, than they do to the hyena.

For three hours we remained in this commonwealth, watching the movements of the inhabitants, and occasionally picking off one of the more unwary. No less than nine were got by the party; and one circumstance I would mention as singular in the extreme, and showing the social relationship which exists among these animals, as well as the kind regard they have one for another. One of them had perched himself upon the pile of earth in front of his hole, sitting up and exposing a fair mark, while a companion's head was seen poking out of the entrance, too timid, perhaps, to trust himself further. A well-directed ball from my rifle carried away the entire top of the former's head, and knocked him some two or three feet from his post, perfectly dead. While reloading, the other boldly came out, seized his companion by one of his legs, and before we could reach the hole, had drawn him completely out of sight. There was a touch of feeling in the little incident—a something human—which raised the animals in my estimation, and never after did I attempt to kill one of them, except when driven by extreme hunger.

The prairie dog is about the size of the common wild rabbit of the United States, heavier perhaps, more compact, and with much shorter legs. In appearance it closely resembles the woodchuck, or groundhog, of the Northern and Middle states, although not more than two-thirds as large. The colour is the same, being a dark, reddish brown, while the formation of the head

and teeth, is the same as in the different species of squirrels. In their habits, they are social, never living alone like other animals, but, on the contrary, always found in villages or large settlements.

If a person gain the immediate vicinity of one of their villages unobserved—a very difficult matter, for their sentinels are always on the alert—he will discover the inhabitants gambolling, frisking, and running about the well-trodden paths, occasionally stopping a moment, as if to exchange a word with a neighbour, and then hurrying back to their own lodges. Should he chance to discover some quiet citizen, sitting gravely at his doorway, he has but to watch him for a short time ere he will notice some eccentricity of conduct. When entering his hole, instead of walking quietly in, he does it with an eccentric bound and half somerset, his hind feet knocking together as he pitches headlong into the darkness below; and before the spectator has fairly recovered from the half laugh caused by the drollery of the movement, he will see the dog slowly thrust his head from his burrow, and peer cunningly about.

A singular species of owl is invariably found residing in and about the dog-towns. It has a longer body and smaller head than the common owl of the settlements.

Rattlesnakes, too, and of great size, dwell in the same lodges with the dogs; but the idea that has been entertained, of their living upon sociable terms of companionship, is utterly without foundation. We killed one a short distance from a burrow, which had made a meal of a half-grown dog; and, although I do not think they can master the larger animals, the latter are compelled to let them pass in and out without molestation—a nuisance, like many in more elevated society, that cannot be got rid of.

The first town we visited was much the largest seen on the entire route, being some two or three miles in length, by nearly a mile in width, at the widest part. In the vicinity were smaller villages—suburbs of the larger town, to all appearance. After spending some three hours in the very heart of the settlements, and until not an inhabitant could be seen in any direction,

we resaddled our horses and set off in search of our company. Thus ended my first visit to the prairie-dog commonwealths of the Far West.

The South African Locust.—T. PRINGLE.

The locust of South Africa is not the same with the Asiatic, but a distinct species. The swarms which infest the colony, appear to come originally always from the northward, and are probably bred in the vast deserts of the interior, north and south of the Gareep or Orange River. In coming up Glen-Lynden, we passed through a flying swarm, which had exactly the appearance, as it approached, of a vast snow-cloud hanging on the slope of the mountain from which the snow was falling in very large flakes. When we got into the midst of them, the air, all around and above, was darkened as by a thick cloud; and the rushing sound of the wings of the millions of these insects was as loud as the dash of a mill-wheel. The ground, as they passed, became strewed with those that were wounded, or had wings broken in their flight by coming in contact with their neighbours. But these formed but a trivial portion of the whole enormous mass. The column that we thus passed through was, as nearly as I could calculate, about half a mile in breadth, and from two to three miles in length. Much larger columns are frequently seen.

The flying locusts, though often seen in such numbers as to obscure the sky when they are passing, and to destroy luxuriant fields of corn in a few hours, are less dreaded by the farmers than the larvæ, devoid of wings —vulgarly called by the colonists, foot-goers. On the approach of the flying locusts, the husbandman, if the wind be favourable, kindles fires around his fields, and raises a dense smoke, which will probably prevent them from alighting. But the younger, or jumping locusts, no such slight obstacle will check in their course; and a powerful stream alone, on the side they approach, can

save the crops of the agriculturists from their ravages. Stagnant pools they cross, by the leading multitudes being drowned, and forming a bridge for those following: even the Orange River is crossed, where it flows calmly, by their myriads, in this manner. In the same manner fires are extinguished by the incalculable numbers which precipitate themselves on the flames in succession, and which, by perishing, provide a passage for the rest. Their numbers, are, indeed, so great, that the inhabitants regard their approach with the utmost dismay, as involving not merely the destruction of their crops and gardens, but often, also, of the entire pasturage of the country; in which case, the farmer has no resource but to hasten from the district where they have "devoured every green thing," in order to search for precarious subsistence for his flocks, in such parts of the wilderness as they may have missed in their migration. Failing to find such privileged tracts, his flocks must perish.

The locusts usually begin their march after sunrise, and encamp at sunset; and unhappy the husbandman on whose fields they quarter themselves. If their halting-place happens to be observed in the neighbourhood of a farm-house, the inhabitants frequently endeavour to destroy them by driving flocks of sheep and cattle to the spot before the sun rises, in order to trample them to death; but unless the number be comparatively inconsiderable, little benefit is derived from such efforts.

The flights and swarms of locusts are usually followed by immense flocks of birds, which subsist entirely on those insects and their larvæ. I did not see any of those birds myself, but Barrow has described them as a species of thrush, about the size of the common skylark. This bird is called by the colonists locust-bird; it is never seen in the colony except in pursuit of the locust-swarms, which it follows in countless flocks, and builds its nest and rears its young in the midst of its prey.

Not only the locust-bird, but every animal, domestic and wild, contributes to the destruction of the locust-swarms; fowls, sheep, horses, dogs, antelopes, and almost every living thing, may be seen devouring them with greediness; whilst the half-starved Bushmen, and even

some of the Colonial Hottentots, consider them a luxury, consuming quantities fresh, and drying abundance for future emergencies. Great havoc is also committed among the locusts by their own kindred; for as soon as any one of them gets hurt, or meets with an accident which impedes his progress, his fellow-travellers nearest to him, devour him with voracity.

The Parrot.—T. CAMPBELL.

Many long years ago, while I was sealed up in the Hebrides, I became intimate with a family who had a beautiful parrot, which a young mariner had brought from South America. This happened long before my arrival in Mull; and Poll for many years had been a much-prized and petted favourite in the household. He was a captive, to be sure, but allowed at times to be outside his cage on *parole;* and, always observing good faith and gratitude for such indulgences, they were repeated as often as appeared consistent with safe custody. The few words of Gaelic which he had picked up in his voyage to the north, were just sufficient, on his arrival, to bespeak the good-will of the family, and recommend himself to their hospitality; but his vocabulary was soon increased—he became a great mimic—he could imitate the cries of every domestic animal—the voices of the servants: he could laugh, whistle, and scold, like any other biped around him.

Poll was indeed a remarkable specimen of his tribe, and the daily wonder of the whole neighbourhood. Years flew by: and although kind treatment had quite reconciled him to his cage, it could not ward off the usual effects of old age, particularly in a climate where the sun rarely penetrated within the bars of his prison. When I first saw him, his memory had greatly failed him; while his bright green plumage was fast verging into a silvery gray. He had but little left of that triumphant chuckle which used to provoke such laughter

among the younkers; and day after day he would sit mute and moping on his perch, seldom answering the numerous questions that were put to him regarding the cause of his malady. Had any child of the family been sick, it could hardly have been treated with greater tenderness than Poll.

At last, one fine morning, just as the vernal equinox had blown a few ships into harbour, a stranger was announced, and immediately recognized by the master of the house as a Spanish merchant, whose kindness to a young member of the family, had been often mentioned in his letters from Mexico. One of his own ships, a brig, in which he had made the voyage, was then in the bay, driven in by stress of weather, for Mull was no market for Spanish goods.

No sooner had their visiter exchanged salutations with the master of the house and his family, than the parrot caught his eye; and, going up to the cage, he addressed the aged bird in familiar Spanish. The effect was electric: the poor blind captive seemed as if suddenly awakened to a new existence; he fluttered his wings in ecstasy—opened his eyes, fixed them, dim as they were, intently on the stranger; then answered him in the same speech—not an accent of which he had heard for twenty years. His joy was excessive—but it was very short; for in the midst of his screams and antics, poor Poll dropped dead from his perch.

Preservation from Danger.—Wm. Howitt.

In one of the thinly-peopled dales of that very beautiful, and yet, by parts, very bleak and dreary region, the Peak of Derbyshire, stood a single house far from neighbours. It was inhabited by a farmer and his family, who lived in such a state of isolation, so unmolested by intruders, and unapprehensive of danger, that they were hardly in the habit of fastening their door at night. The farmer, who had a great distance to go to market, was sometimes late before he got back; on these

occasions, the good woman used to retire to rest at the usual time, and her husband returning found no latch or bolt to obstruct his entrance. But one time the wife hearing some one come up to the door, and enter the house, supposed it was her husband, but, after the usual time had elapsed, and he did not come to bed, she got up and went down stairs, when her terror and astonishment may be imagined, for she saw a great sturdy fellow in the act of reconnoitering for plunder. At the first view of him, she afterwards said, she felt ready to drop; but being naturally courageous, and of deep religious experience, she immediately recovered sufficient self-possession to avoid any outcry, and to walk with apparent firmness, to a chair which stood on one side of the fireplace. The marauder immediately seated himself in another chair which stood opposite, and fixed his eyes upon her with a most savage expression. Her courage was now almost spent; but recollecting herself, she put up an inward prayer to the Almighty for protection, and threw herself upon his providence. She immediately felt her internal strength revive, and looked steadfastly at the man, who now had drawn from his pocket a large clasp-knife, opened it, and with a murderous expression in his eyes, appeared ready to spring upon her. She, however, evinced no visible emotion; she said not a word, but continued to pray for deliverance or resignation, and to look on the fearful man with a calm seriousness.

He rose up, looked at her, then at the knife; then wiped it across his hand; then again eagerly glanced at her; when, at once, a sudden damp seemed to fall upon him; his eyes seemed to blanch before her still, fixed gaze; he closed his knife and went out. At a single spring she reached the door, shot the bolt with a convulsive rapidity, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered from her swoon, she was filled with the utmost anxiety on account of her husband, lest the man should meet him by the way. But presently she heard his well-known step; his well-known voice on finding the door fastened, and let him in with a heart trembling with mingled agitation and thankfulness.

Playing Cards.—THOMAS CHALKLEY.

When I was young, I loved music, dancing and playing at cards, and too much delighted therein, and was followed with the judgments of God therefor in the secret of my soul. What I did in those sports and games, I always took care to do out of the sight, and without the knowledge, of my tender parents; for I was afraid of their reproofs and corrections, which I was sure to have, if they had any intelligence of it.

I remember that, unknown to my parents, I had bought a pack of cards, with intent to make use of them when I went to see my relations in the country, at a place called Woodford, about seven miles from London, where I got leave sometimes to go. At the time called Christmas, I went to see them, and five miles on my way went to a meeting, at a town called Wanstead; at which meeting, a minister of Christ declared against the evil of gaming, and particularly of cards; and that the time which people pretend to keep holy, for Christ's sake, many of them spend mostly in wickedness, sports and games; even some pretending to be religious; and generally speaking, more sin and evil is committed in this time, than in the like space of time in all the year besides; so that the devil is served instead of honouring Christ. From this meeting at Wanstead, I went to the house of my relations, where the parson of the next parish lodged that night, who used to play cards with them sometimes. The time drawing near that we were to go to our games, my uncle called to the doctor, as he styled him, to me and to my cousin, to come and take a game at cards; at which motion I had strong convictions upon me not to do it, as being evil; and I secretly cried to the Lord to keep me faithful to him; and lifting up my eyes, I saw a Bible lie in the window, at the sight of which I was glad. I took it, and sat down, and read to myself, greatly rejoicing that I was preserved out of the snare. Then my uncle called again, and said, "Come, doctor, you and I, my wife and daughter, will have a game at

cards, for I see my cousin is better disposed." Then he looked upon me, and said, "He was better disposed also." So their sport for that time was spoiled, and mine in that practice for ever; for I never, as I remember, played with them more, but as soon as I came home, offered my new and untouched pack of cards to the fire. I am certain the use of them is of evil consequence, and draws away the mind from heaven and heavenly things; for which reason all Christians ought to shun them; and music and dancing having generally the same tendency, ought therefore to be refrained from.

Sponges.—CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

About three centuries and a half before the Christian era, the question, Are sponges animal or vegetable? was proposed by Aristotle, who, unable himself to solve the difficulty, was contented, in the true spirit of a lover of nature, with carefully recording the results of his accurate observations, and advancing his opinion rather in the form of an inquiry than of an allegation. Upwards of two thousand years rolled away ere this question was satisfactorily answered. Nay, we believe that the vegetable theory has, even at the present time, its advocates; while some are still disposed to consider that the sponge is at one period of its existence a vegetable, and at another an animal.

To any one who hesitates to acknowledge that the sponge is endowed with animal life, we would offer the spectacle of a living sponge in a portion of its native element. We would let him gaze on the animated fountain, which is perpetually sucking the water into its substance through its countless pores, and after assimilating such particles of it as are essential to its existence, ceaselessly expelling it, at more distant intervals, through the larger channels which may be observed on its outer surface. We would point out innumerable buds of gelatinous matter, which, at certain seasons of the year, may

be seen spouting "from all parts of the living film which invests the horny skeleton;" until, at length, escaping from the nursery in which they grew, they are carried off to the wide sea by means of the force of the currents issuing from the sponge, though not left to perish at the mercy of the waves. For he will find that the young animal or egg is covered with numberless minute hairs, each one of which is endowed with a distinct and innate power of vibration; so that by means of thousands of almost invisible oars, the young sponge "shoots through the sea," until it arrives at some rock or other place properly adapted for its future growth; then it settles calmly and contentedly down, and gradually losing its locomotive power, begins to spread on its base; and builds up, within its living substance, a horny framework, such as we have already seen in its parent.

The above-named currents may be more distinctly seen by powdering the surface of the water with chalk or any similar substance; and Professor Grant mentions, that on placing pieces of cork or dry paper over the apertures, he could, at the distance of ten feet from the table on which the specimen rested, see them moving by the force of the currents.

The *frame* or *sponge*, commonly so called, is an *internal* skeleton, while the vital power resides in a slimy film which coats over every fibre, and which, inert as it appears, possesses the power of secreting the particles essential to its growth.

It has been affirmed, that the sponge is observed to contract or shrink when torn from the rocks; but there is satisfactory evidence to prove that neither this nor any degree of laceration has a sensible effect on this nerveless, though vital mass.

All sponges, however, have not a horny framework, but some, which are thereby rendered useless in a commercial point of view, are supported by a skeleton composed of siliceous particles imbedded in a tough, fibrous material. To these spicula we must turn for an explanation of the isolated masses of flint which abound in various chalk formations; for it is common in chalky districts to find flints, which, on *being broken, still con-*

tain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered state.

There is every reason to believe that the sponge-fisheries of the Ægean are at present conducted in the same manner as they were in the time of Aristotle. The sponge-divers are mostly inhabitants of the islands which lie off the Carian coast, and of those situated between Rhodes and Calymnos. These men—who form a distinct society, and are governed by peculiar laws, which prohibit their marriage until they shall have attained a prescribed proficiency in their art—go out in little fleets, composed of caiques, each of six or seven tons burden, and manned by six or eight divers: each man is simply equipped with a netted bag in which to place the sponges, and a hoop by which to suspend it round his neck; and thus furnished, he descends to a depth of from five to twenty, or even, occasionally, thirty fathoms. The sponges which he collects are first saturated with fresh water, which destroys the vitality, and decomposing the gelatinous matter, turns it black; this matter is stamped out by the feet of the divers, and the sponges are then dried in the sun, and strung in circles, after which they are ready for sale and exportation.

Fifty-six species of sponges have been enumerated, ten or eleven of which are found in the British isles. A portion of these inhabit fresh water, among which we may mention the river sponge, which abounds in the Thames. Among the British sponges, too, is the stinging or crumb-of-bread sponge, a widely-diffused species, which, when taken out of the sea is of a bright orange colour, and which will, if rubbed on the hand, raise blisters. This stinging quality is highly increased by drying the sponge; a process which also gives it the colour and appearance of crumbs of bread, whence its popular name.

Sponges, as may be imagined from the mode of their growth, are most sportive in their forms: some a tubular, others mushroom-like, a few almost globular, and still others branched or hand-shaped; in the warmer seas they hang in fantastic and gorgeous fans from the roofs of submarine caverns, or decorate the sides with vases

of classic elegance, though of nature's handiwork. Nor are their colours less various; some are of the most brilliant scarlet or the brightest yellow, others green, brown, blackish, or shining white; while Peron mentions one procured by him in the South Sea, which was of a beautiful purple, and from which a liquor of the same colour was extracted by the slightest pressure; with this liquor he stained several different substances, and found that the colour was not affected by the action of the air, and that it would bear several washings.

When the animal matter remains in the sponges of various kinds, they have always a very strong fishy smell, which may perhaps be regarded as an additional proof that they belong to the animal kingdom. Yet we must not omit to mention that there are substances which, though they bear the name of sponges, would rather appear, from their structure, as shown by the microscope, to belong to the vegetable world; we allude to those known as *gelatinous sponges*, which are perfectly different from the sponges properly so called.

The Daisy.—J. Mason Good.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who, but he who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem;
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod;
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

A Deer Chase.—Rural Hours.

The following incident occurred on the borders of Otsego Lake, in the State of New York:—A pretty little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods, and nursed and petted by a woman in the village, until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favourite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbours, and welcome everywhere. One morning, after gambolling about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter, and who still kept several dogs; one of his hounds came to the village with him on this occasion The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him, and started to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it, and the person who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden arousing of instinct in that beautiful creature. In a second its whole character and appearance seemed changed, all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake: its head erect, its nostrils dilated, its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to

save it; several persons instantly followed its track, the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain. The hunter endeavoured to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But if, for a moment, the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen of the village dogs joined blindly in the pursuit. Quite a crowd collected on the bank, men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal known to them all; some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey; but the plashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled had suddenly turned into a deadly foe. It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across the bay toward the nearest borders of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies. As it approached the land, the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land—in one leap it had crossed the narrow line of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods. The hound followed, aiming at the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the most critical moment; would the dog hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed

that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that, after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could easily be known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods. Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the woman, whose pet the little creature had been, and showing a collar with her name on it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal, instead of bounding away as he had expected, moved toward him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sorry that he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died. One would have thought that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet, as a friend, the hunter who shot it. It was long mourned by its best friend.

This, if not the last chase in our waters, was certainly one of the very latest. The bay crossed by the frightened creature has been called "Fawn Bay," and the fine spring in the field above also bears the name of "Fawn Spring."

The True Story of a Fawn.—ANNA DRINKER

Down from a mountain's craggy brow
His homeward way a hunter took,

By a path that wound to the vales below
At the side of a leaping brook.
Long and sore had his journey been,
By the dust that clung to his forest green,
By the stains on his broidered moccasin—
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And pouch and horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward; soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood,
Slanting over the wooded vale;
And the weary hunter stood
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play,
Watching the swing on the chestnut bough
Flit to and fro, through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far through the forest wide
Came a hunter's voice, and a hound's deep cry.
Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely waked as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain side.
Over the valleys the echo died,
And a doe sprang lightly by,
And cleared the path and panting stood—
With her trembling fawn by the leaping flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled, as the cry of the deep-mouthed hound
Fell louder on her ear.
But pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap—
The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by;
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,

With head erect, and steadfast eye,
Listening to the stag-hounds' cry.
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang,
And crouched at the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets, the boughs unclasped
Leaped apart with a crashing sound,
Under the lithe vines, sure and fast
Came on the exulting hound;
Yet, baffled, stopped to bay and glare,
Far from the torrent's bound;
For the weeping fawn, still crouching there,
Shrank not nor fled, but closer pressed,
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

Daniel in the Lion's Den.

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom an hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these, three presidents, of whom Daniel was first; that the princes might give accounts unto them, and the king should have no damage. Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God. Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him, King Darius, live for ever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted

together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Wherefore king Darius signed the writing and the decree.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God. Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree; Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any god or man within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions? The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Then answered they, and said before the king, That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day. Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him; and he laboured till the going down of the sun to deliver him. Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king, Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed. Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God, whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee. And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords, that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel.

Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of music brought

before him; and his sleep went from him. Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel; and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions? Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God. And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den.

Then king Darius wrote unto all people, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth; Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel; for he is the living God, and stedfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.

THE END.